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MISCELLANIES AND POEMS.

BY

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

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HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

EDITED, WITH PREFACE,

BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D.

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PREFACE.

In this supplementary volume of the works of Fielding will be found the 'Case of Elizabeth Canning,' as stated by the great novelist himself, in vindication of his conduct, as a magistrate, in that very mysterious affair. Its purpose is to refute the harsh animadversions of some respectable writers, who viewed the merits of the transaction through a medium, which imparted to that strange and appalling picture of human conduct a form and complexion very different from the impression which it had made upon himself, after he had investigated the matter with scrupulous attention, and the sagacity of an accomplished criminal lawyer. That it is a triumphant vindication no one who will read it with attention can help admitting; although the poor young creature's narrative is fraught with incidents that border closely upon the precincts of improbability. But these doubtful points are conclusively disposed of, after being put forward in the most effective manner by the author himself. He there appears as a pleader of great acuteness and rare logical discrimination.

To this case is now, for the first time, added that of Bosavern Penlez, who was hanged for a robbery in one of the three houses which were sacked by a mob during the 'Strand Riots' in 1749.

On this occasion, also, the magisterial conduct of Fielding was severely animadverted on, and the government accused of having acted contrary to the spirit of the constitution. But here, likewise, he fairly exonerated his judicial character from all blame; while, at the same time, he showed that the Government had not infringed the barriers of constitutional law, as it then existed.

In a moral point of view the case of Penlez falls far short of that of Canning, in regard to the story; for it consists, in a great measure, of statements as to Acts of Parliament respecting riots, from the outbreak of Wat Tyler, in Richard II.'s reign, to the Riot Act of George I.; and of affidavits in evidence of those Strand Riots of 1849, and of the guilt of Penlez. But still it is interesting to the admirers of the greatest of English novelists, as a record of the fact, that the committal of the accused, on that occasion, was not an unhumane overstraining of the law; for he proves, by the sworn testimony of trustworthy witnesses, that Penlez was guilty of burglary, and as that crime was then deemed capital felony, there was no other alternative left him but that which he pursued. Here it is a consolation to know that we live in a time when a wretched creature, whose theft may spring not from inherent roguery, but possibly from the poignant goading of starvation and destitution of all kinds, cannot now be 'hanged by the neck until he is dead' for stealing anything to the value of thirteen-pence. It was sworn, also, that Penlez was seen among the rioters in one of the sacked houses in the Strand, to whose owner be-

longed the wearing apparel found in the possession of the unfortunate young man. But, supposing him to be only guilty of riot, Fielding shows that that was a crime which the early statutes he quotes looked upon as treason against the king; and that, therefore, the passing of the Riot Act of George I. could not be considered unconstitutional.

So bitter were the aspersions cast upon him on that occasion, that, in order to guard himself against the charge of being unjust or devoid of clemency, he ventures to assert that he felt that the 'milk of human 'kindness' formed a characteristic ingredient of his mental constitution; and that this rendered it a painful necessity for him, while affirming the strict adherence of his conduct to the constitutional law of England, to call forth from its silent resting-place the name of the unhappy Penlez.

And certainly no one can read his works, with discriminating care, without feeling assured that good-nature was an essential and abundant element of the capacious mind of Harry Fielding. Thus it was his name was called, long after his death, by his old friend, David Garrick, when, upon receiving in its soiled and neglected garb the comedy of 'The Good-natured Man,' he exclaimed, in tones of affectionate remembrance, 'the lost 'sheep is found! This is Harry Fielding's comedy.'

To show that Fielding was not presumptuous in arrogating to himself the possession of a fair share of that quality which Shakespeare has so beautifully named, it may not be out of place here to quote a few lines from his Epistle on Good-nature, addressed to the good Duke

of Richmond, who knew his character well, and must have known that the sentiments expressed therein were the genuine effusion of his kindly heart. In that poem he says, in answer to the question, What is good-nature?—

> 'Is it not virtue's self? A flower so fine,
> 'It only grows in soils almost divine.'

And again—

> 'What by this name, then, shall be understood?
> 'What but the glorious lust of doing good?'

And again—

> 'O! great Humanity, whose beams benign,
> 'Like the sun's rays, on just and unjust shine;
> 'Content what Nature lavishes admire,
> 'Nor what is wanting in each piece require;
> 'Where much is right, some blemishes afford,
> 'Nor look for Ch————d* in every Lord.'

Here is clemency, that benign attribute of Good-nature, recommended as a safeguard against undue captiousness in judging of any one's character. And as a satirist Fielding was, all through life, careful in following the charitable injunction which he has thus poetically and enthusiastically enjoined. For instance, while alluding, in the preface to his Miscellanies, to his 'History of Jonathan Wild the Great,' as he calls him, he says that Roguery, and not a Rogue, is his subject; and that, in drawing the portrait of that detestable character, he had not used any particular individual as his model; but, on the contrary, had with his 'utmost art avoided it.' But yet he concludes

* Chesterfield.

with the following pungent sarcasm upon vicious and unfeeling persons:—

'. . . So will any such application be unfair to my reader, espe-
'cially if he knows much of the great world, since he must then be
'acquainted, I believe, with more than one upon whom he can fix the
'resemblance.'

So far, indeed, was he from bitterly subjecting his enemies to personal reproaches, that he was never reluctant in awarding them their just meed of praise; as he did, for instance, in regard to his distinguished rival Richardson.

Though the insertion of the very singular and interesting story of Elizabeth Canning, and that of Bosavern Penlez, never before printed in any collected edition of Fielding's writings, is a considerable enhancement of the value of this edition, yet it would not be in accordance with the strongly expressed wishes of his readers were we to exclude those poems of his which are contained in the first volume of his Miscellanies, published by Miller in 1743.

With regard to the poetic phase of Fielding's genius, it will be allowed by all, who are instinctively affected by the charms of poetry, and are familiar with his works, that his mind was imbued with a fine sense of the beautiful, which is the essential ingredient without which the spirit of poetry cannot exist.

That this spirit of poetry doth not always need the aid of verse for its exhibition, and that Fielding was endowed by natural instinct with an ample share of it, are facts which are admirably exemplified in the following glowing passage from 'Tom Jones,' which announces the first approach of the charming Sophia Western:—

'Hushed be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds 'confine in iron chains the boisterous limbs of noisy Boreas, and the sharp-'pointed nose of bitter—biting Eurus. Do thou, sweet Zephyrus, rising 'from thy fragrant bed, mount the western sky, and lead on those deli-'cious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her 'chamber, perfumed with pearly dews, when on the first of June, her 'birth-day, the blooming maid, in loose attire, gently trips it o'er the 'verdant mead, where every flower rises to do her homage, till the whole 'field becomes enamelled, and colours contrast with sweets which shall 'ravish her most.

'So charming may she now appear! and you, the feathered choristers of 'nature, whose sweetest notes not even Handel can excel, tune your 'melodious throats to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your 'music, and to love it returns. Awaken, therefore, that gentle passion in 'every swain: for lo! adorned with all the charms with which nature can 'array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, sprightliness, innocence, 'modesty, and tenderness, breathing sweetness from her rosy lips, and 'darting brightness from her sparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes.'

And her mind he says,

'Was every way equal to her person; nay, the latter borrowed some 'charms from the former; for when she smiled, the sweetness of her 'temper diffused that glory over her countenance which no regularity 'of features can give.'

But though this delightful element of his genius served to augment the ardour of his affections, and the uncommon gracefulness of his style, yet it was not of force enough to become the leading feature of his mind. Of this he seems to have felt conscious himself; for he owns in his Preface to the Miscellanies that poetry was a branch of writing which he very little pretended to, and but little pursued. It should be observed, also, in forming an estimate of his poetical ability, that most of these poems were written when he was very young, and which he himself estimated as 'productions rather of the heart than of the head.'

This last fact would of itself be sufficient to account for that want of polish which led Arthur Murphy to exclude these poems from his edition of the works of Fielding; with the exception of a short epistle to the great Whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole, which is characteristic of the easy playfulness of his wit and humour. Yet it was, obviously, not for any special superiority in itself that this poem was selected, but only as a specimen of the author's quality as a poet; and, perhaps, his biographer, and able critical admirer, was desirous of placing on an imperishable record an instance of the cold neglect shown by a man, possessed of great political power, towards a distressed man of genius, whose talents were devoted to the strengthening of the cause which that renowned statesman himself had espoused and vigorously supported. These verses consist of allusions to the writer's hard fortune, conveyed in a humorous and playful strain of irony; in which, nevertheless, the lightsome gaiety of the head cannot completely conceal the gloomy sadness of the heart; and which could hardly fail to strike home to the discerning mind of the great man, as a gentle reminder of his neglect of a strenuous and faithful political ally.

But the insertion of these poems in a complete edition of Fielding's writings is the strongly expressed desire of the purchasers of the fine edition, in ten volumes, octavo, lately issued to the public from the houses of Bickers and Son, and of Sotheran and Company, in London, and from that of Little Brown, of Boston, U.S. The propriety of gratifying this wish is greatly enhanced by the fact, that these poems evince the prominent

characteristics of Fielding's disposition; namely, his ardent love of liberty, when that blessing is attended with the graceful and benevolent qualities of human nature, his superior knowledge of those qualities, and the unselfish and cordial warmth of his gratitude, his friendship, and his love. In these poems will also be found, in a concentrated form, the lively versatility of his imagination, the searching spirit of his pungent but not ill-natured satire, and the playful brilliancy of his wit and humour.

The first, in order, of these poems is his Epistle on True Greatness, in which he strenuously denies to the commander of conquering hosts the possession of that virtue, when his exploits are solely the result of unhallowed thirst for the acquisition of personal power and glory; irrespective of the misery which the demon of warfare inflicts upon mankind. And after drawing a vivid picture of this misery in a few lines, he exclaims, addressing Alexander the Great—

> 'Could such exploits as these thy pride create?
> 'Could these, O *Philip's* son, proclaim thee Great?'

And, in alluding to the ferocious devourer of the shepherd's gentle flock, the wolf, he thus contemptuously shows his low estimate of such greatness, in these lines—

> 'If Greatness by these means may be possess'd,
> 'Ill we deny it to the greater beast.
> 'Single, and armed by Nature only, *he*
> 'That mischief does, which *thousands* do for thee.'

But war, and even very destructive war, when raised and carried on in the cause of humanity and freedom,

well entitles, in our author's mind, the successful conductor of it to the epithet—Great, as the following lines clearly show:—

'Not on such wings to fame did *Churchill* soar,
'For *Europe* while defensive arms he bore,
'Whose conquests, cheap at all the blood they cost,
'Saved millions by each noble life they lost.'

To the snarling cynic in his tub he says:—

'Well might the haughty son of Philip see
'Ambition's second lot devolve on thee;
'Whose breast pride fires with scarce inferior joy,
'And bids thee hate and shun men, him destroy.'

The self-satisfied superiority of the pedant of some college, in his closet, he calls false greatness, with an awkward mien. For, though—

'*Tully* to him, and *Seneca*, are known,
'And all their noblest sentiments his own.
'These on each apt occasion he can quote;
'Thus the false Count affects the man of note,
'Awkward and shapeless in a borrowed coat.'

To this category he also names critics, and says—

'Critics through books, as beaus through countries stray,
'Certain to bring their blemishes away.

'Great is the man who, with unwearied toil,
'Spies a weed springing in the richest soil.
'If Dryden's page with one bad line be bless'd,
''Tis great to shew it as to write the rest.'

Commentators, unlike critics, he says, seek to find out the beauties of great writers, and cling to their authors:—

'Close as to some tall tree the *insect* cleaves,
'Myriads still nourished by its smallest leaves.
'So cling these *scribblers* round a Virgil's name,
'And on its least of beauties soar to fame.'

After showing that in every profession men find a 'corner to be great.' Even—

'The lowest lawyer, parson, courtier, squire,
'Is somewhere great, finds some that will admire.'

He asks—

'Where shall we say then that true greatness dwells?
'In palaces of kings or hermit's cells?
'Doth she confirm the minister's mock state,
'Or bloody on the victor's garland wait?
'Warbles harmonious in the poet's song,
'Or, graver, laws pronounces to the throng?'

And then exclaims—

'To no profession, party, place confined,
'True greatness lives but in the noble mind;
. . . . .
'Greatness with learning decked in Carteret see,
'With justice and with clemency in Lee;
'In Chesterfield to ripe perfection come,
'See it in Littleton beyond its bloom.'

Allusion has already been incidentally made to his Epistle on Good-nature. The next in order is that on Liberty, addressed to his faithful friend, George Lyttleton, Esq., afterwards Lord Lyttleton; 'whom,' he says—

'Nature vied with fortune to adorn!
'Brave, tho' no soldier; without titles, great;
'Feared, without power; and envied, without state.'

And adds, with genuine modesty—

'Accept the muse whom truth inspires to sing,
'Who soars, though weakly, on an honest wing.'

He then invokes Liberty, the bright goddess, thus—

'Come then, bright maid, my glowing breast inspire;
'Breathe in my lines, and kindle all my fire.'

And exclaims—

'Curse on all laws which liberty subdue,
'And make the *many* wretched to the *few*.
'Presumptuous power assumes the public voice,
'And what it makes our fate, pretends our choice.'

But of those, whose power was ennobled by true humanity, he says:—

'O'er abject slaves they scorned inglorious sway,
'But taught the grateful freedman to obey;
'And thus by giving liberty, enjoyed
'What the first hoped from liberty destroyed.'

Again—

'The people power, to keep their freedom, gave,
'And he who had it was the only slave.'

And then he thus patriotically addresses Liberty:—

'Thy sacred name no Romans now adore,
'And Greece attends thy glorious call no more.
'To thy Britannia, then, thy fire transfer,
'Give all thy virtue, all thy force to her.'

And, after a beautiful allusion to the industry of the Bee, he exclaims:—

'But thou, great Liberty, keep Britain free,
'Nor let man use us as we use the bee;
'Let not base drones upon our honey thrive;
'And suffocate the maker in his hive.'

In his Epistle on the Choice of a Wife he gives valuable advice, which evinces his thorough knowledge of the various affections of human nature; and his statement of the unhappy results of ill-chosen marriages shows the keenness and accuracy of his faculties of

observation. His strictures, too, upon the improper mode of rearing daughters at that time, should act as a salutary warning to mothers who attend too much upon the superficial graces of the body, to the neglect of the moral and intellectual accomplishments of the mind. The result of this culpable oversight he thus describes:—

'The face and shape are first the mother's care ;
'The dancing-master next improves the air ;
'To these perfections add a voice most sweet ;
'The skilled musician makes the nymph complete.
'Thus with a person well equipped, her mind
'Left, as when first created, rude and blind,
'She's sent to make her conquests on mankind.'

But, amongst the desirable qualities of his friend's wife, he says—

'Her tender soul good-nature must adorn,
'And vice and meanness be alone her scorn.'

The short Epistle to John Hayes, Esq., is written in the spirit of one well versed in the diversified characters of the human mind. In this he ridicules *Codrus* for—

'Confining all his knowledge, and his art,
'To this, that each man is corrupt at heart.'

And adds—

'Had Nature actions to one source confined,
'Ev'n blund'ring Codrus might have known mankind.'

But he shows that individuals do as much differ from themselves, at times, as they differ from one another. And that, moreover, their motives to action are as various as the colours upon the pallet of Titian ; and, when peculiarly blended, form pictures of human nature by this great artist of the mental passions as distinct as

those which adorn the glowing canvas of the renowned Venetian painter. And towards the end he says :—

'Men what they are not struggle to appear,
'And Nature strives to show them as they are.
'For though with Quin's or Garrick's matchless art,
'He acts, my friend, he only acts a part:
'For Quin himself, in a few moments more,
'Is Quin again, who Cato was before.'

He then concludes with this satiric stroke :—

'Thus while the *courtier* acts the *patriot's* part,
'This guides his face and tongue, and that his heart.
'Abroad the *patriot* shines with artful mien,
'The naked *courtier* glares behind the scene.
'What wonder if to-morrow then he grow
'A *courtier* good, who is a *patriot* now.'

Those quotations afford instructive testimony that the spirit of true philosophy formed a copious ingredient of Fielding's genius. And he possessed that spirit, because the rare perspicuousness of his intellect was illumined, in a superior measure, by the sentiments of justice and mercy; in the absence of an adequate share of which a man of the most exalted intellectual capacity will be wanting in wisdom. But though a man may think wisely, and admonish with sagacity, he yet may not be always capable of acting prudently. And such, certainly, was the case with Fielding in the early period of his career. But this arose from the enthusiastic ardour of his social affections, which urged him to share in the cordial pleasures of society, where the shining qualities of his admirable wit and humour could not fail to make him a conspicuous ornament. His carelessness, too, in regard to money, and his kindly and liberal tendencies, were calculated to render the promptings of frugality

nugatory, even supposing such salutary warnings to have arisen; and thus was he compelled to crave the aid of men in power, who lay under obligations to him for his political writings.

And what was his reward, after wasting disappointments? The then not very reputable post of Middlesex magistrate at Bow Street. But, to his credit be it told, the corrupt practices which disgraced that important though subordinate seat of criminal justice were swept away by his judicious and indefatigable management, and from being a nest rather for the nursing care of some delinquents than for their utter extermination, it became in his hands the dread of incorrigible evil-doers; while the weary and heavy-laden met with compassionate consideration. Of these facts there is no one but must feel assured who has read what may be called his dying words, which are so impressively told in his 'Voyage to Lisbon'—his last resting-place.

To these disappointments must be ascribed the bitterness of feeling which sometimes pervades the verses of this warm-hearted and benevolent man. One of his poems, addressed to Celia, is a striking instance of the misanthropic spirit which, seemingly at least, had at that time taken hold of his mind. The poem begins thus—

'I hate the town and all its ways;'

and, after a detailed enumeration of the objects of his detestation, he cries out—

'I hate the world, cramm'd all together,
'From beggars, up to Lord knows whither.'

And then concludes with the following ardent and ingenious expression of his love:—

'Ask you then, Celia, if there be
'The thing I love? My charmer, thee.
'Thee more than light, than life adore,
'Thou dearest, sweetest creature, more
'Than wildest raptures can express;
'Than I can tell,—or thou canst guess.
'Then, tho' I bear a gentle mind,
'Let not my hatred of mankind
'Wonder within my Celia move,
'Since she possesses all my love.'

The chagrin of his wounded and disappointed spirit is also evinced, in an affecting way, in his brief epitaph on Butler's monument—Butler, the ill-requited author of the immortal Hudibras:—

'What,' he exclaims, 'though alive neglected and undone,
'O let thy spirit triumph in this stone.
'No greater honour could men pay thy parts,
'For when they give a stone they give their hearts.'

In the poems addressed to Celia is strikingly manifested the enthusiastic ardour of his admiration and his love of that incomparable impersonator of all the graces and virtues which enhance the charms of consummate female beauty. And in them is also shown the playful fertility of a fancy, akin to some of our most admired early poets. Of this the one to Celia, 'Occasioned by her apprehending her house would be 'broke open, and having an old fellow to guard it, who 'sat up all night, with a gun without any ammunition,' is an example. His anxiety for her safety on that occasion caused him to dream that Cupid was called to account by his mother, for having suffered, by his

absence, the fear of danger to disturb the rest of her choicest earthly representative—her own 'loved citadel 'of beauty.' And, after severely reprimanding her mischievous child, she thus concludes:—

'"Come, tell me, urchin, tell no lies;
'"Where was you hid—in Vince's eyes?
'"Did you fair Bennet's breast importune?
'"(I know you dearly love a fortune.)"
'Poor Cupid now began to whine;
'"Mamma, it was no fault of mine.
'"I in a dimple lay *perdue*,
'"That little guard-room chose by you.
'"A hundred Loves (all armed) did grace
'"The beauties of her neck and face;
'"Thence, by a sigh I, dispossess'd,
'"Was blown to Harry Fielding's breast;
'"Where I was forced all night to stay,
'"Because I could not find my way.
'"But did mamma know there what work
'"I've made, how acted like a Turk;
'"What pains, what torments he endures,
'"Which no physician ever cures,
'"She would forgive." The goddess smil'd,
'And gently chuck'd her wicked child;
'Bid him go back, and take more care,
'And give her service to the fair.'

But there is yet another poem in which the charms of the same matchless fair one are set forth in a strain still more inventive, versatile, and brilliant. In this is described the command of the Queen of Beauty to have the most charming woman of each of her subject lands send up a petition, with a view to her being appointed the Queen's vice-regent, while the latter is easing herself of her cares in temporary retirement. In obedience to this order from the celestial council petitions from

all quarters of the world are being presented, when those from *New Sarum* are loudly called for by the crier:—

'When lo, in bright celestial state,
'Jove came and thundered at the gate.
'"And can you, daughter, doubt to whom
'(He cried) "belongs the happy doom,
'"While C——cks yet make blest the earth,
'"C——cks, whom long before their birth,
'"I. by your own petition moved,
'"Decreed to be by all beloved?
'"C——cks, to whose celestial dower
'"I gave all beauties in my power,
'"To form whose lovely minds and faces,
'"I stripp'd half heaven of its graces!
'"O let them bear an equal sway
'"So shall mankind well pleased obey."'

Subsequent to the writing of this poem, Fielding married Charlotte Cradock, one of those incomparable sisters: and though she was possessed of some fortune, a thing which he was much in want of, yet it is obvious that his marriage was the result of enthusiastic admiration and love: for it is to the attractive graces and exalted moral qualities of this inestimable woman we owe the character of *Amelia*, which is so charmingly and touchingly delineated in his novel of that name—a character which, he somewhere says, in a sorrowful tone, 'No one who had known my Charlotte could look 'upon as overdrawn,' or words to that effect, for I quote from memory.

His verses to the same charming woman, on her wishing to have a Lilliputian to play with, are characterized by happy playfulness of fancy, and some jocund satiric allusions.

It thus begins—

'Is there a man who would not be,
'My *Celia,* what is prized by thee?
'A monkey beau to please thy sight
'Would wish to be a monkey quite.
'Or (could'st thou be delighted so)
'Each man of sense would be a beau.
'Courtiers would quit their faithless skill,
'To be thy faithful dog *Quadrille.*
'*P—lt—y,* who does for freedom rage,
'Would sing confin'd within thy cage;
'And *W—lp—le,* for a tender pat,
'Would leave his place to be thy cat.
'May I, to please my lovely dame,
'Be five foot shorter than I am;
'And, to be greater in her eyes,
'Be sunk to *Lilliputian* size.
'While on thy hand I skipp'd the dance,
'How I'd despise the King of *France!*'

Exceedingly pleasing, also, are his lines, written *extempore*, on a Half-penny which a young lady gave a beggar, and the author redeemed for Half-a-Crown. A trifling fact, which, in itself, is highly characteristic of his affectionate and generous nature.

Among some other smaller pieces the first volume of his Miscellanies contains 'Part of Juvenal's Sixth Satire 'Modernised in Burlesque Verse.' But, as that satire was written by the great Roman satirist to hold forth to ridicule and detestation those women of his time who were steeped in the mire of shameless and faithless sensuality, he thought it necessary to use language, too indelicate and coarse for chaste ears, but still, no doubt, suited to the loose manners of the time. It was the excessive grossness of this immodesty in the latter

portion of it, which induced Fielding to abstain from translating that part of it; for he says—

'We shall here close our translation of this satire; for as the remainder 'is in many places too obscene for chaste ears; so, to the honour of the 'English ladies, the Latin is by no means applicable to them, nor indeed 'capable of being modernised.'

And much to his credit he further says—

'For my part I am much more inclined to panegyric on that amiable 'sex, which I have always thought treated with a very unjust severity by 'ours, who censure them for faults (if they are truly such) into which we 'allure and betray them.'

It was, no doubt, to those very objectionable passages that Byron alludes in 'Don Juan,' when he says—

'I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
'Although, no doubt, his real intent was good,
'For speaking out so plainly in his song,
'So much, indeed, as to be downright rude.'

But, notwithstanding the exclusion of this very objectionable part, there is still to be found in the portion translated allusions so indelicate as to render its perusal quite unsuited to the taste and principles of refined and modest females, in this age of superior civilization; although, in the age of ruder manners in which Fielding lived, such narratives seem to have been tolerated, without a feeling of disgust, even by persons who were free from the slightest taint of impurity either of thought or conduct. A striking instance of this occurred in the person of a grand-aunt of Sir Walter Scott, who in her old age requested him to procure her a copy of Mrs. Aphra Behn's novels, which, she said, were in

her youthful days much admired, and which, from the interest she then felt in them herself, she wished to read over again.

'So,' says Sir Walter, 'I sent Mrs. Aphra Behn curiously sealed up, 'with "private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand-'aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards she gave me back Aphra, 'properly wrapped up, with nearly these words,—"Take back your bonny '"Mrs. Behn, and if you will take my advice, put her in the fire: for I find '"it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not," she 'said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, '"sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which sixty years ago '"I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting '"of the first and most creditable society in London?"

But, as it is the settled and general desire of the admirers of Fielding's great genius that nothing which he is known to have written should be lost, the publishers feel bound to comply with that desire, because, otherwise, their promise of issuing a *complete* edition of his writings would remain unfulfilled. Yet, were it possible to avoid this necessity, it would be (and with unfeigned sincerity be it said) the editor's wish to see that such objectionable allusions should find no place in these poems of Fielding, 'although no doubt his real intent was good;' as he wished, by means of rigorous and pointed satiric humour, to expose to shame the miserable results of ill-assorted marriages, and thus serve to extirpate the unhallowed profligacy of which they are, unhappily, so often the incentives, and with the view of bringing society to a condition more blissful and contented. And certainly his affectionate conduct, both as a husband and a father, proved the sincerity of his satiric exposure of the frivolity and profligacy of fashionable life in his time.

In conclusion, it is right to observe that, notwithstanding the few quotations which have been made from the Preface to the Miscellanies, and which appear in the Preface to Fielding's works in ten volumes, octavo, to which this one is supplementary, still in a complete edition of his writings, the insertion here of the whole of that excellent composition is desirable, especially in as far as it regards the 'History of Jonathan Wild the Great;' for there is given the author's notions of the kind of greatness which should attract the heartfelt homage of the virtuous and the good; as well as his enlightened views of human nature, and of mankind's truest—indeed his only true road to happiness. For he says:—

'I solemnly protest I do by no means intend in the character of my 'hero (Wild) to represent human nature in general. . . . . I understand 'those writers who describe human nature in this depraved character, as 'speaking only of such persons as Wild and his gang; and I think it may 'be justly inferred that they do not find in their own bosoms any devia-'tion from the general rule. Indeed, it would be an insufferable vanity 'in them to conceive themselves as the only exception to it.'

How well applied is this adroit and cutting sarcasm to those philosophers who read human nature through the deceptive medium of the 'Idols of the Den;' for, as Lord Bacon avers—

'There is no small difference between the idols of the human mind 'and the ideas of the divine mind—that is to say, between certain idle 'dogmas and the real stamp and impress of created objects, as they are 'found in nature.'

And how admirable are his views with respect to man's capacity for the attainment of happiness, and of the surest, and at the same time easiest, manner of obtaining that blessing: and in quoting them here, I feel a

pride in closing this humble preface of mine with a passage that exhibits, in a charming way, the instinctive wisdom and glowing good-nature of 'the manly, the English Harry Fielding,' as Thackeray emphatically calls him:—

'Nothing seems to me,' he writes, 'more preposterous than that, while 'the way to true honour lies open and plain, men should seek false by 'such perverse and rugged paths; that while it is so easy and safe, and 'truly honourable to be good, men should wade through difficulty and 'danger, and real infamy, to be *great*, or, to use a synonymous word, '*villains*.

'Nor hath *goodness* less advantage in the article of *pleasure*, than of '*honour* over this kind of *greatness*. The same righteous Judge 'always annexes a bitter anxiety to the purchases of guilt, whilst it adds 'a double sweetness to the enjoyments of innocence and virtue: for fear, 'which all the wise agree is the most wretched of human evils, is, in 'some degree, always attending on the former, and never can in any 'manner molest the happiness of the latter.'

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D.

February, 1872.

THE

CASE

OF

ELIZABETH CANNING.

A

CLEAR STATE

OF THE

CASE

OF

ELIZABETH CANNING.

Who hath sworn that she was Robbed and almost Starved to Death by a gang of Gipsies and other villains in January last, for which one Mary Squires now lies under Sentence of Death.

Quæ, quia sunt admirabilia, contraque Opinionem omnium; tentare volui possentne proferri in Lucem, & ita dici ut probarentur.

Cicero, Parad.

BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

THE

CASE

OF

ELIZABETH CANNING.

There is nothing more admirable, nor, indeed, more amiable, in the Law of *England*, than the extreme tenderness with which it proceeds against persons accused of capital crimes. In this respect it justly claims a preference to the institutions of all other countries; in some of which a criminal is hurried to execution, with rather less ceremony than is required by our law to carry him to prison; in many, the trials (if they may be called such) have little of form, and are so extremely precipitate that the unhappy wretch hath no time to make his defence, but is often condemned without well knowing his accuser, and sometimes without well understanding his accusation. In this happy kingdom, on the contrary, so tender is the law of the life of a subject, so cautious of unjustly or erroneously condemning him, that, according to its own maxim, *De Morte Hominis nulla est Cunctatio longa*, it

proceeds by slow and regular gradations, and requires so many antecedent ceremonies to the ultimate discussion of a court of justice, that so far from being in danger of a condemnation without a fair and open trial, every man must be tried more than once, before he can receive a capital sentence. By the law of *England*, no man can be apprehended for felony, without a strong and just suspicion of his guilt; nor can he be committed to prison, without a charge on oath before a lawful magistrate. This charge must be again proved on oath, to the satisfaction of a large number (twelve at least) of the better sort of his countrymen (except in the case of an Appeal of Felony, which is now obsolete, and where the proceedings are still more ceremonial and tedious); before the accused can be required to answer to it, or be put on his defence; and after all these preparatives, the truth of this charge is to be tried in an open court of justice, before one at least and often many judges, by twelve indifferent and unexceptionable men: I may truly say unexceptionable, since it is in the prisoner's power to except against twenty-four without showing any cause, and as many more as he can show a reasonable cause of exception against. These, after a patient hearing of the witnesses against him, and after attending to his defence (in the making which, the law prescribes that every indulgence shall be shown him, and that even his judge shall be his counsel and assist him) must all concur in declaring on their oaths, that he is guilty of the crime alleged against him, or he is to be discharged, and can never more be called in question for the same offence, save only in the case of murder.

It seems, I think, that the wit of man could invent no stronger bulwark against all injustice and false accusation than this institution, under which not only innocence may rejoice in its own security, but even guilt can scarce

be so immodest as to require a fairer chance of escaping the punishment it deserves.

And yet, if after all this precaution it should manifestly appear that a person hath been unjustly condemned, either by bringing to light some latent circumstance, or by discovering that the witnesses against him are certainly perjured, or by any other means of displaying the party's innocence, the gates of mercy are still left open, and upon a proper and decent application, either to the judge before whom the trial was had, or to the Privy Council, the condemned person will be sure of obtaining a pardon, of preserving his life, and of regaining both his liberty and reputation.

To make, therefore, such an application on the behalf of injured innocence is not only laudable in every man, but it is a duty, the neglect of which he can by no means answer to his own conscience; but this, as I have said, is to be done in a proper and decent manner, by a private application to those with whom the law hath lodged a power of correcting its errors and remitting its severity; whereas to resort immediately to the public by inflammatory libels against the justice of the nation, to establish a kind of Court of Appeal from this justice in the bookseller's shop, to re-examine in newspapers and pamphlets the merits of causes which, after a fair and legal trial, have already received the solemn determination of a Court of Judicature, to arraign the conduct of magistrates, of juries, and even judges, and this even with the most profligate indecency, are the effects of a licentiousness to which no government, jealous of its own honour, or indeed provident of its own safety, will ever indulge or submit to.

Sensible as I am of this, I should by no means become an aggressor of this kind; but surely when such methods have been used to mislead the public, and to censure the

justice of the nation in its sagacity at least, and grossly to misrepresent their proceedings, it can require little apology to make use of the same means to refute so iniquitous an attempt. However unlawful a weapon may be in the hands of an assailant, it becomes strictly justifiable in those of the defendant: and as the judges will certainly excuse an undertaking in defence of themselves, so may I expect that the Public (that part of it, I mean, whose esteem alone I have ever coveted or desired) should show some favour to a design which hath in view not a bare satisfaction of their curiosity only, but to prevent them from forming a very rash, and, possibly, a very unjust judgment. Lastly, there is something within myself which rouses me to the protection of injured innocence, and which prompts me with the hopes of an applause much more valuable than that of the whole world.

Without this last motive, indeed, it may be imagined I should scarce have taken up my pen in the defence of a poor little girl, whom the many have already condemned. I well know the extreme difficulty which will always be found in obtaining a reversal of such a judgment. Men who have applauded themselves, and have been applauded by others, for their great penetration and discernment, will struggle very hard before they will give up their title to such commendation. Though they, perhaps, heard the cause at first with the impartiality of upright judges, when they have once given their opinion, they are too apt to become warm advocates, and even interested parties in defence of that opinion. Deplorable, indeed, and desperate is the case of a poor wretch against whom such a sentence is passed! No Writ of Error lies against this sentence, but before that tremendous Court of the Public where it was first pronounced, and no court whatever is, for the reasons

already assigned, so tenacious of the judgments which it hath once given.

In defiance, nevertheless, of this difficulty, I am determined to proceed to disclose, as far as I am able, the true state of an affair, which, however inconsiderable the parties may be in their station of life (though injured innocence will never appear an inconsiderable object to a good mind), is now become a matter of real concern and great importance to the public; against whom a most horrible imposture, supported by the most impudent as well as impious perjury is dressed up, either on the one side or on the other. To discover most manifestly on which side it lies seems to be within the power of the government, and it is highly incumbent on them to exert themselves on this occasion, in order that by the most exemplary punishment they may deter men from that dreadful crime of perjury, which, in this case, either threatens to make the sword of justice a terror to the innocent, or to take off all its edge from the guilty; which of these is it likeliest to do in the present instance, I will endeavour to assist the reader, at least, in forming a probable conjecture.

Elizabeth Canning, a young girl of eighteen years of age, who lived at *Aldermanbury* Postern, in the City of *London*, declares, That on *Monday*, the 1st of *January* last, she went to see her uncle and aunt, who are people of a very good character, and who live at *Saltpetre Bank*, near *Rosemary Lane;* that having continued with them till towards nine in the evening, her uncle and aunt, it being late, walked a great part of the way home with her; that soon after she parted with them, and came opposite to *Bethlehem-gate* in *Moorfields*, she was seized by two men who, after robbing her of half a guinea in gold, and three shillings in silver, of her hat, gown, and apron, violently dragged her into a

gravel-walk that leads down to the gate of *Bethlehem* Hospital, about the middle of which one of the men, after threatening to do for her, gave her a violent blow with his fist on the right temple, that threw her into a fit, and entirely deprived her of her senses. These fits she says she hath been accustomed to; that they were first occasioned by the fall of a ceiling on her head; that they are apt to return upon her whenever she is frightened, and that they sometimes continue for six or seven hours; that when she came to herself she perceived that two men were hurrying her along in a large road-way, and that in a little time after she was recovered, she was able to walk alone; however, they still continued to pull and drag her along; that she was so intimidated by their usage that she durst not call out, nor even speak to them; that in about half an hour after the recovery of her senses they carried her into an house where she saw in the kitchen an old Gipsy woman and two young women; that the old Gipsy woman took hold of her by the hand, and promised *to give her fine clothes if she would go their way*, which expression she understanding to mean the becoming a prostitute, she utterly refused to comply with; upon which the old Gipsy woman took a knife out of a drawer and cut the stays off this *Elizabeth Canning*, and took them away from her, at which time one of the men likewise took off her cap, and then both the men went away; that soon after they were gone, and about an hour after she had been in the house, the old Gipsy woman forced her up an old pair of stairs, and pushed her into a back room like a hay-loft, without any furniture whatsoever in the same, and there locked her up, threatening that if she made the least noise or disturbance, the old Gipsy woman would come up and cut her throat, and then fastened the door on the outside

and went away. She says, that when it was day-light, upon her looking round to see in what dismal place she was confined, she discovered a large black jug, with the neck much broken, filled with water, and several pieces of bread, amounting to about the quantity of a quartern loaf, scattered on the floor, where was likewise a small parcel of hay. In this room, she says, she continued from that time till about half an hour after four of the clock in the afternoon of *Monday*, the 29th day of the same month of *January*, being in all twenty-seven days and upwards, without any other sustenance than the aforesaid bread and water, except one small mince-pie which she had in her pocket, which she was carrying home as a present to her little brother. She likewise says, that she had some part of this provision remaining on the *Friday* before she made her escape, which she did by breaking out at a window of the room or loft in which she was confined, and whence having escaped, she got back to her friends in *London* in about six hours, in a most weak and miserable condition, being almost starved to death, and without ever once stopping at any house or place by the way. She likewise says, that during her whole confinement no person ever came near her to ask her any question whatever, nor did she see any belonging to the house more than once, when one of the women peeped through a hole in the door, and that she herself was afraid to call or speak to anyone. All this she hath solemnly sworn before a magistrate and in a court of justice.

Such is the narrative of *Elizabeth Canning*, and a very extraordinary narrative it is, consisting of many strange particulars resembling rather a wild dream than a real fact. *First*, it doth not well appear with what motive these men carried this poor girl such a length of way, or indeed that they had any motive at all for so doing.

Secondly, that they should be able to do it is not easy to believe; I do not mean that it is not within the strength of two men to carry a little girl (for so she is) ten miles, but that they could do this without being met, opposed, or examined by any persons in the much frequented roads near this town, is extremely strange and surprising. *Thirdly*, the Gipsy woman doth not seem to have had any sufficient motive to her proceedings. If her design was to make a prostitute, or a Gipsy, or both, of this poor girl, she would, in all probability, have applied to her during her confinement, to try what effect that confinement had produced. If her design was murder, she had many easier and better ways than by starving, or if she had chosen this method of destroying the girl, it seems impossible to account for the conveying to her that bread and water, which would serve for no other purpose but to lengthen out the misery of a wretch against whom the Gipsy woman had, as appears, no foundation whatever of anger or revenge, and might have increased the danger of discovering the whole villainy. *Fourthly*, that *Elizabeth Canning* herself should have survived this usage, and all the terrors it must have occasioned, and should have been kept alive with no other sustenance than she declares she had, are facts very astonishing and almost incredible. *Fifthly*, that she should so well have husbanded her small pittance as to retain some of it till within two days of her escape, is another surprising circumstance. *Sixthly*, that she should undergo all this hardship and fasting without attempting sooner to make her escape, or without perceiving the possibility of making it in the manner in which she at last says she did effect it, seems to be no less shocking to reason and common sense, *Lastly*, that, at the time when she dates this escape, she

should have strength sufficient left, not only to break her prison in the manner she declares, but to walk eleven or twelve miles to her own home, is another fact which may very well stagger our belief, and is a proper close to this strange, unaccountable, and scarce credible story.

Thus have I set the several particulars of this narrative in as strong a light against the relator, and in one as disadvantageous to the credibility of her relation, as I think they can fairly be placed. Certain it is, that the facts seem at first to amount to the very highest degree of improbability, but I think that they do not amount to an impossibility; for, as to those objections which arise from the want of a sufficient motive in the transactors of this cruel scene, no great stress I think can be laid on these. I might ask what possible motive could induce two ruffians, who were executed last winter for murder, after they had robbed a poor wretch who made no resistance, to return and batter his skull with their clubs, till they fractured it in almost twenty different places. How many cruelties, indeed, do we daily hear of, to which it seems not easy to assign any other motive than barbarity itself? In serious and sorrowful truth, doth not history, as well as our own experience, afford us too great reasons to suspect, that there is in some minds a sensation directly opposite to that of benevolence, and which delights and feeds itself with acts of cruelty and inhumanity? And if such a passion can be allowed any existence, where can we imagine it more likely to exist than among such people as these.

Besides, though to a humane and truly sensible mind such actions appear to want an adequate motive, yet to wretches very little removed, either in their sensations or understandings, from wild beasts, there may possibly

appear a very sufficient motive to all that they did; such might be a desire of increasing the train of Gipsies, or of whores in the family of the mother *Wells*. One of these appear to have been the design of the Gipsy woman from the declaration of *Elizabeth Canning*, who, if she had said nothing more improbable, would certainly have been entitled to our belief in this, though this design seems afterwards not to have been pursued. In short she might very possibly have left the alternative, with some indifference, to the girl's own option; if she was starved out of her virtue, the family might easily apprehend she would give them notice; if out of her life, it would be then time enough to convey her dead body to some ditch or dunghill, where, when it was found, it would tell no tales: possibly, however, the indifference of the Gipsy woman was not so absolute, but that she might prefer the girl's *going her way*, and this will recount for her conveying to her that bread and water, which might give the poor girl a longer time to deliberate, and consequently the love of life might have a better chance to prevail over the love of virtue.

So much for the first and third objection arising from the want of motive, from which, as I observed above, no very powerful arguments can be drawn in the case of such wretches: as to the second objection, though I mentioned it as I would omit none, the reader, I presume, will lay so little weight upon it, that it would be wasting time to give it much answer. In reality, the darkness of the night at that season of the year, and when it was within two days of the new moon, with the indifference of most people to what doth not concern themselves, and the terror with which all honest persons pass by night through the roads near this town, will very sufficiently account for

the want of all interruption to these men in their conveyance of the poor girl.

With regard to the fourth objection—how she could survive this usage, &c? I leave the degree of probability to be ascertained by the physicians. Possible, I think it is, and I contend for no more. I shall only observe here, that she barely did survive it, and that she, who left her mother in a plump condition, returned so like a spectre, that her mother fainted away when she saw her; her limbs were all emaciated, and the colour of her skin turned black, so as to resemble a state of mortification; her recovery from which state since, is a proof of that firm and sound constitution, which supported her, if she says true, under all her misery.

As to the fifth objection, she answers, that the cruel usage she had met with, and the condition she saw herself in, so affected both her mind and body, that she ate scarce anything during the first days of her confinement, and afterwards had so little appetite, that she could scarce swallow the hard morsels which were allotted her.

The sixth objection hath, in my opinion, so little in it that had I not heard it insisted on by others, I should not myself have advanced it; common experience every day teaches us, that we endure many inconveniences of life, while we overlook those ways of extricating ourselves, which, when they are discovered, appear to have been, from the first, extremely easy and obvious. The inference, which may be drawn from this observation, a moderate degree of candour will oblige us to extend very far in the case of a poor simple child, under all the circumstances of weakness of body and depression and confusion of spirits, till despair, which is a quality that is ever increasing as its object increases, grew to the highest pitch, and

forced her to an attempt which she had not before had the courage to undertake.

As to her accomplishing this, and being able to escape to her friends, the probability of this likewise I leave to the discussion of physicians: possible it surely is, and I question very much whether the degree of despair, which I have just mentioned, will not even make it probable; since this is known to add no less strength to the body than it doth to the mind, a truth which every man almost may confirm by many instances.

But if, notwithstanding all I have here said, the narrative should still appear ever so improbable, it may yet become a proper object of our belief, from the weight of the evidence; for there is a degree of evidence by which every fact that is not impossible to have happened at all, or to have happened in the manner in which it is related, may be supported and ought to be believed. In all cases, indeed, the weight of evidence ought to be strictly conformable to the weight of improbability; and when it is so, the wiser a man is the sooner and easier he will believe. To say truth, to judge well of this conformity is what we truly call sagacity, and requires the greatest strength and force of understanding. He, who gives a hasty belief to what is strange and improbable, is guilty of rashness; but he is much more absurd who declares that he will believe no such fact on any evidence whatever. The world are too much inclined to think that the credulous is the only fool; whereas, in truth, there is *another fool* of a quite opposite character, who is much more difficult to deal with, less liable to the dominion of reason, and possessed of a frailty more prejudicial to himself and often more detrimental to mankind in general.

To apply this reasoning to the present case, as we have, it is hoped, with great fairness and impartiality, stated all the improbabilities which compose this girl's narrative, we will now consider the evidence that supports them. And when we have done this, it will possibly appear, that the credulous person is he who believes that *Elizabeth Canning* is a liar.

First, then, there is one part of this story which is incontestably true, as it is a matter of public notoriety, and known by almost every inhabitant in the parish where her mother dwells. This is, that the girl, after the absence of a month, returned on the 29th of *January*, in the dreadful condition above described. This being an established fact, a very fair presumption follows that she was confined somewhere, and by some person; that this confinement was of equal duration with her absence; that she was almost starved to death; that she was confined in a place whence it was difficult to make her escape; that, however, this escape was possible, and that at length she actually made it. All these are circumstances which arise from the nature of the fact itself. They are what *Tully* calls *Evidentia Rei*, and are stronger than the positive testimony of any witnesses; they do, indeed, carry conviction with them to every man who hath capacity enough to draw a conclusion from the most self-evident premises.

These facts being established, I shall oppose improbability to improbability, and first I begin by asking, Why did this girl conceal the person who thus cruelly used her? It could not be a lover; for among all the cruelties by which men have become infamous in their commerce with women, none of this kind can, I believe, be produced. What reason, therefore, can be assigned for this great degree of more than Christian

forgiveness of such barbarous usage is to me, I own, a secret; such forgiveness, therefore, is at least as great a degree of improbability as any which can be found, or which can be feigned in her narrative.

Again, what motive can be invented for her laying this heavy charge on those who are innocent? That street-robbers and Gipsies, who have scarce even the appearance of humanity, should be guilty of wanton cruelty without a motive, hath greatly staggered the world, and many have denied the probability of such a fact: Will they then imagine that this girl hath committed a more deliberate, and, therefore, a more atrocious crime, by endeavouring to take away the lives of an old woman, her son, and another man, as well as to ruin another woman, without any motive whatever? Will they believe this of a young girl, hardly 18 years old, who hath the unanimous testimony of all, who ever knew her from her infancy, to support the character of a virtuous, modest, sober, well-disposed girl; and this character most enforced by those who know her best, and particularly by those with whom she hath lived in service.

As to any motive of getting money by such an attempt, nothing can be more groundless and evidently false than the suggestion; the subscription which was proposed and publicly advertised, was thought of long after the girl's return to her mother, upon which return she immediately told the story in the presence of numbers of people, with all the circumstances with which she hath since, without any variation, related it. The real truth is, that this subscription was set on foot by several well disposed neighbours and very substantial tradesmen, in order to bring a set of horrid villains to justice, which then appeared (as it hath since proved) to be a matter which would be attended

with considerable expense, nor was any reward to the girl then thought of; the first proposer of which reward was a noble and generous lord, who was present at the last examination of this matter in *Bow-street*; so that this charge of the Gipsy woman, and the rest, if a false one, was absolutely without any motive at all. A second improbability which rises as much higher than that to which it is opposed, as the crime would be higher, since it would be more deliberate in the girl, and as her character is better than that of street robbers and Gipsies.

Again, as the girl can scarce be supposed wicked enough, so I am far from supposing her witty enough to invent such a story; a story full of variety of strange incidents, and worthy the invention of some writer of romances, in many of which we find such kind of strange improbabilities that are the productions of a fertile, though commonly, a distempered brain; whereas this girl is a child in years, and yet more so in understanding, with all the evident marks of simplicity that I ever discovered in a human countenance; and this I think may be admitted to be a third improbability.

A *fourth* seems to me to arise from the manner in which this poor simple girl hath supported this story; which, as it requires the highest degree of wickedness of heart, and some tolerable goodness of head to have invented, so doth it require no small degree of assurance to support; and that in large assemblies of persons of a much higher degree than she had ever before appeared in the presence of—before noblemen, and magistrates, and judges—persons who must have inspired a girl of this kind with the highest awe. Before all these she went through her evidence without hesitation, confusion, trembling, change of countenance, or other

apparent emotion. As such a behaviour could proceed only from the highest impudence, or most perfect innocence, so it seemed clearly to arise from the latter, as it was accompanied with such a show of decency, modesty, and simplicity, that if these were all affected, which those who disbelieve her must suppose, it must have required not only the highest art, but the longest practice and habit to bring it to such a degree of perfection.

A *fifth* improbability is, that this girl should fix on a place so far from home, and where it doth not appear she had ever been before. Had she gone to this place of her own accord, or been carried thither by any other than the person she accused, surely Mother *Wells* would have told this, as it must have acquitted her of the fact laid to her charge, and would indeed have destroyed the whole character of *Elizabeth Canning*, and of consequence have put an end to the prosecution; but Mother *Wells*, on the contrary, denied absolutely that *Elizabeth Canning* had ever been in her house, or that she had ever seen her face before she came there with the peace officers.

In this point, viz: That *Elizabeth Canning* was not acquainted with Mother *Wells*, or her house, nor ever there, in any other manner than as she herself hath informed us, her evidence stands confirmed by the best and strongest testimony imaginable, and that is by the declaration of the defendant *Wells* herself. It is true indeed, that as to her being confined there, *Wells* utterly denies it, but she as positively affirms that this *Elizabeth Canning* was never there at any other time, nor in any other manner. From this point then, so established, will result an utter impossibility; for unless this poor girl had been well acquainted with the house, the hay-loft, the pitcher, &c., how was

it possible that she should describe them all so very exactly as she did, at her return to her mother's, in the presence of such numbers of people? Nay, she described likewise, the prospect that appeared from the hay-loft, with such exactness, as required a long time to furnish her with the particulars of. I know but two ways of her being enabled to give this description; either she must have been there herself, or must have had her information from some other. As to the former, *Wells* herself denies it; and as to the latter, I leave to the conjecture of my ingenious reader, whether it was Mother *Wells* herself, the Gipsy woman, *Virtue Hall*, or who else that instructed *Elizabeth Canning* in all these particulars.

In the mean time, I shall beg leave to conclude, either that we must account for the girl's knowledge one of the ways which I have mentioned; or, *secondly*, we must believe an impossibility; or, *thirdly*, we must swallow the truth of this relation, though it be as hard a morsel as any which the poor girl fed on during her whole confinement.

And now I come to a piece of evidence which hath been the principal foundation of that credit which I have given to this extraordinary story. It appeared to me at first to be convincing and unsurmountable, in the same light it appeared to a gentleman whose understanding and sagacity are of the very first rate, and who is one of the best lawyers of his time; he owned that this evidence seemed to him to be unanswerable, so I acknowledge it yet seems to me, and till I shall receive an answer, I must continue to believe the fact which rests upon it.

In order to lay this evidence before the reader in a fair and just light, it will be necessary to give a brief relation of the order of proceedings in this case,

down to the time when *Virtue Hall* appeared first before me.

Upon the return of *Elizabeth Canning* to her mother's house in the manner above set forth, and upon the account which she gave of her unprecedented sufferings, the visible marks of which then appeared on her body, all her neighbours began to fire with resentment against the several actors concerned in so cruel a scene; and presently some of the most substantial of these neighbours proposed to raise a contribution amongst themselves, in order, if possible, to bring the villains who had injured this poor girl to exemplary justice: as soon, therefore, as she was able to bear the journey, they put her into a chaise, and taking with them proper peace officers, conveyed the girl along the *Hertford Road*, to see if she was able to trace out the house where she had been confined; for she at that time knew not the name of the place, nor could she sufficiently describe the situation of *Wells's* house, though she had before so exactly described the inside of it. Possibly, indeed, she might never have been able to have discovered the house at all, had it not been for a very extraordinary incident, and this was, that through the chinks or crevices of the boards of the hay-loft, she saw at a distance the *Hertford* stage coach pass by, the driver of which she knew, though he past not near enough for her to call to him with any hopes of success, and by this extraordinary circumstance she came to know that the house stood on the Hertford Road.

When they arrived at this house the poor girl was taken out of the chaise, and placed on a table in the kitchen, where all the family passed in review before her; she then fixed on the Gipsy woman, whom she had very particularly described before, and who is, per-

haps, the most remarkable person in the whole world; she charged likewise *Virtue Hall*, whose countenance likewise is very easy to be remembered by those who have once seen her.

The whole family, however, though no more were positively charged by *Elizabeth Canning*, being put all into a cart were conducted before Mr. *Tyshemaker*, who is a justice of the peace for the County of *Middlesex*, who, having first examined *Elizabeth Canning* alone, but without taking from her any information in writing, did afterwards examine all the parties, and in the end committed the Gipsy woman and *Wells*—the former for taking away the stays from *Elizabeth Canning*, and the latter for keeping a disorderly house.

And here the reader will be pleased to observe these facts:

First, That *Elizabeth Canning* did not make any information in writing before this justice.

Secondly, That the history of the fact that she related to the justice was not in the presence of *Virtue Hall*.

Thirdly, That *Elizabeth Canning*, so cautious is she in taking her oath, declared that she could not swear to the Gipsy's son, as the men's hats were flapped over their faces in the house, and as when she was first assaulted it was so very dark, she could not distinguish their countenances, nor did she charge *Wells* with any crime at all, except that which resulted from the tenor of her whole evidence of keeping a disorderly house.

Lastly, That *Virtue Hall* did, at that time, absolutely deny that she knew anything of the matter, and declared that *Elizabeth Canning* had never been in *Wells's* house, to her knowledge, till that day, nor had she ever seen her face before; the consequence of which

declaration was, that the Gipsy's son, whom this *Virtue Hall* hath since accused of the robbery, was discharged by Mr. *Tyshemaker*.

Elizabeth Canning, with her friends, now returned home to her mother's house, where she continued to languish in a very deplorable condition; and now Mr. Salt, the attorney, who hath been employed in this cause, advised the parties to apply to counsel, and upon this occasion, as he hath done upon many others, he fixed upon me as the counsel to be advised with.

Accordingly, upon the 6*th* of *February*, as I was sitting in my room, Counsellor Maden being then with me, my clerk delivered me a case, which was thus, as I remember, endorsed at the top, *The Case of* Elizabeth Canning *for Mr.* Fielding's *opinion*, and at the bottom, *Salt*, Solr. Upon the receipt of this case, with my fee, I bid my clerk give my service to Mr. Salt and tell him that I would take the case with me into the country, whither I intended to go the next day, and desired he would call for it on the *Friday* morning afterwards; after which, without looking into it, I delivered it to my wife, who was then drinking tea with us, and who laid it by.

The reader will pardon my being so particular in these circumstances, as they seem, however trifling they may be in themselves, to show the true nature of this whole transaction, which hath been so basely misrepresented, and as they will all be attested by a gentleman of fashion, and of as much honour as any in the nation. My clerk presently returned up stairs, and brought Mr. Salt with him, who, when he came into the room, told me that he believed the question would be of very little difficulty, and begged me earnestly to read it over then, and give him my opinion, as it was a matter of some haste, being of a criminal

nature, and he feared the parties would make their escape. Upon this, I desired him to sit down, and when the tea was ended, I ordered my wife to fetch me back the case, which I then read over, and found it to contain a very full and clear state of the whole affair relating to the usage of this girl, with a *quere* what methods might be proper to take to bring the offenders to justice; which *quere* I answered in the best manner I was able. Mr. Salt then desired that *Elizabeth Canning* might swear to her information before me, and added, that it was the very particular desire of several gentlemen of that end of the town, that *Virtue Hall* might be examined by me relating to her knowledge of this affair.

This business I at first declined, partly, as it was a transaction which had happened at a distant part of the county, as it had been examined already by a gentleman, with whom I have the pleasure of some acquaintance, and of whose worth and integrity I have with all, I believe, who know him, a very high opinion; but principally, indeed, for that I had been almost fatigued to death, with several tedious examinations at that time, and had intended to refresh myself with a day or two's interval in the country, where I had not been, unless on a *Sunday*, for a long time.

I yielded, however, at last, to the importunities of Mr. Salt; and my only motives for so doing were, besides those importunities, some curiosity, occasioned by the extraordinary nature of the case, and a great compassion for the dreadful condition of the girl, as it was represented to me by Mr. Salt.

The next day *Elizabeth Canning* was brought in a chair to my house, and being lead up stairs between two, the following information, which I had never

before seen, was read over to her, when she swore to the truth and set her mark to it.

MIDDLESEX.] The Information of Elizabeth Canning, of Aldermanbury Postern, London, spinster, taken upon oath this 7th day of February, in the year of Our Lord 1753, before Henry Fielding, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex.

This informant, upon her oath, saith, That on *Monday*, the 1st day of *January* last past, she, this informant, went to see her uncle and aunt, who live at *Saltpetre Bank*, near *Rosemary Lane*, in the County of *Middlesex*, and continued with them until the evening, and saith, That upon her return home about half an hour after nine, being opposite *Bethlehem-gate* in *Moorfields*, she, this informant, was seized by two men (whose names are unknown to her, this informant) who both had brown bob-wigs on, and drab-coloured great-coats, one of whom held her, this informant, whilst the other feloniously and violently, took from her one shaving hat, one stuff gown, and one linen apron, which she had on; and also, half a guinea in gold, and three shillings in silver; and then he that held her threatened to do for this informant. And this informant saith, that, immediately after, they, the same two men, violently took hold of her, and dragged her up into the gravel-walk that leads down to the said gate, and about the middle thereof, he, the said man, that first held her, gave her, with his fist, a very violent blow upon the right temple, which threw her into a fit, and deprived her of her senses, (which fits she, this informant, saith she is accustomed and subject to upon being

frighted, and that they often continue for six or seven hours. And this informant saith, that when she came to herself, she perceived that she was carrying along by the same two men, in a large road-way: and saith, that in a little time after, she was so recovered she was able to walk alone; however they continued to pull her along, which still so intimidated and frighted her, that she durst not call out for assistance, or speak to them. And this informant saith, that, in about half an hour after she had so recovered herself, they, the said two men, carried her, this informant, into a house, (which, as she, this informant, heard from some of them, was about four o'clock in the morning, and which house, as she, this informant, hath since heard and believes, is situate at Enfield-wash in the County of Middlesex, and is reputed to be a very bad and disorderly bawdy-house, and occupied by one——*Wells* widow) and there this informant saw, in the kitchen, an old Gipsy woman, and two young women, whose names were unknown to this informant; but the name of one of them this informant hath since heard, and believes is *Virtue Hall*, and saith, that the said old Gipsy woman took hold of this informant's hand, and promised to give her fine clothes if she would go their way (meaning, as this informant understood, to become a prostitute); which this informant, refusing to do, she, the said old Gipsy woman, took a knife out of a drawer, and cut the lace of the stays of her, this informant, and took the said stays away from her; and one of the said men took off her cap, and then the said two men went away with it, and she, this informant, hath never since seen any of her things. And this informant saith, that soon after they were gone (which she, this informant, believes was about five in the morning) she, the said old Gipsy woman,

forced her, this informant, up an old pair of stairs, and pushed her into a back room like a hay-loft, without any furniture whatsoever in the same, and there locked her, this informant, up, threatening her, this informant, that if she made the least noise or disturbance, she, the said old Gipsy woman, would cut her throat, and then she went away. And this informant saith, that when it grew light, upon her looking round to see in what a dismal place she was, she, this informant, discovered a large black jug, with the neck much broken, wherein was some water; and upon the floor, several pieces of bread, near in quantity to a quartern loaf, and a small parcel of hay: and saith, that she continued in this room or place, from the said *Tuesday* morning, the 2nd day of *January*, until about half-an-hour after four of the clock in the afternoon of *Monday*, the 29th day of the same month of *January*, without having or receiving any other sustenance or provision, than the said bread and water (except a small minced-pie, which she, this informant, had in her pocket); or any thing to lie on other than the said hay, and without any person or persons coming to her, although she often heard the name of Mrs. and Mother *Wells*, called upon, whom she understood was the mistress of the house. And this informant saith, that on *Friday*, the 26th day of *January* last past, she, this informant, had consumed all the aforesaid bread and water, and continued without having any thing to eat or drink until the *Monday* following, when she, this informant, being almost famished with hunger, and starved with cold, and almost naked during the whole time of her confinement, about half-an-hour after four in the afternoon of the said 29th day of *January*, broke out at a window of the said

room or place, and got to her friends in London, about a quarter after ten the same night, in a most weak, miserable condition, being very near starved to death. And this informant saith, that she ever since hath been, and now is, in a very weak and declining state and condition of health, and although all possible care and assistance is given her, yet whatever small nutriment she, this informant, is able to take, the same receives no passage through her, but what is forced by the apothecary's assistance and medicines.

The mark of
E.C.
ELIZABETH CANNING.

Sworn before me,
this 7th of Feb. 1753.
H. FIELDING.

Upon this information, I issued a warrant against all who should be found resident in the house of the said *Wells*, as idle and disorderly persons, and persons of evil fame, that they might appear before me, to give security for their good behaviour; upon which warrant, *Virtue Hall*, and one *Judith Natus* were seized and brought before me, both being found at Mother *Wells's*: they were in my house above an hour or more before I was at leisure to see them, during which time, and before I had ever seen Virtue Hall, I was informed, that she would confess the whole matter. When she came before me she appeared in tears, and seemed all over in a trembling condition; upon which I endeavoured to soothe and comfort her: the words I first spoke to her, as well as I can remember, were these,—child, you need not be under this fear and apprehension; if you will tell us the whole truth of this affair, I give you my word and

honour, as far as it is in my power, to protect you; you shall come to no manner of harm. She answered, that she would tell the whole truth, but desired to have some time given her to recover from her fright; upon this, I ordered a chair to be brought her, and desired her to sit down, and then, after some minutes, began to examine her; which I continued doing, in the softest language and kindest manner I was able, for a considerable time, till she had been guilty of so many prevarications and contradictions, that I told her I would examine her no longer, but would commit her to prison, and leave her to stand or fall by the evidence against her; and at the same time advised Mr. Salt to prosecute her as a felon, together with the Gipsy woman; upon this, she begged I would hear her once more, and said that she would tell the whole truth, and accounted for her unwillingness to do it, from the fears of the Gipsy woman, and *Wells*. I then asked her a few questions, which she answered with more appearance of truth than she had done before; after which, I recommended to Mr. Salt to go with her and take her information in writing; and at her parting from me, I bid her be a good girl, and to be sure to say neither more nor less than the whole truth. During this whole time, there were no less than ten or a dozen persons of credit present, who will, I suppose, testify the truth of this whole transaction as it is here related. Virtue Hall then went from me, and returned in about two hours, when the following information, which was, as she said, taken from her mouth, was read over to her and signed with her mark.

The Information of Virtue Hall, late of the parish of Enfield in the County of Middlesex, Spinster, taken upon oath this 13th day of February, 1753, before me, Henry Fielding, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex.

This informant, upon her oath, saith, that on Tuesday the 2nd day of January, last past, about four of the clock in the morning, a young woman, whose name, this informant hath since heard, is *Elizabeth Canning*, was brought (without any gown, hat, or apron on) to the house of one Susannah Wells, of Enfield Wash, in the county aforesaid, widow, by two men, the name of one of whom is John Squires, the reputed son of one Mary Squires, an old Gipsy woman, who then, and some little time before, had lodged at the house of the said Susannah Wells, but the name of the other of the said two men this informant knows not, she, this informant, never having seen him before or since to the best of her knowledge. And this informant saith, that when she the said *Elizabeth Canning*, was brought into the kitchen of the said *Wells's* house, there were present the said Mary Squires, John Squires, the man unknown, Catherine Squires, the reputed daughter of the said Mary Squires, and this informant; and this informant does not recollect that any one else was in the said kitchen at that time: and saith, that immediately upon her, the said *Elizabeth Canning* being brought in, the said John Squires said, here mother take this girl, or used words to that effect; and she, the said Mary Squires, asked him where they had brought her from: and John said from Moorfields; and told his said mother

that they had taken her gown, apron, hat, and half a guinea from her, to the best of this informant's recollection and belief; whereupon she, the said Mary Squires, took hold of the said *Elizabeth Canning's* hand, and asked her if she would go their way, or words to that effect; and upon the said *Elizabeth Canning* answering no, she, the said Mary Squires, took a knife out of the drawer of the dresser in the kitchen, and therewith cut the lace of the said *Elizabeth Canning's* stays, and took the said stays away from her, and hung them on the back of a chair, and the said man unknown, took the cap off the said *Elizabeth Canning's* head, and then he, with the said John Squires, went out of doors with it. And this informant saith, that quickly after they were gone, she, the said Mary Squires, pushed the said *Elizabeth Canning* along the kitchen towards and up a pair of stairs leading into a large back room like a loft, called the workshop, where there was some hay; and whilst she, the said Mary Squires, was pushing her, the said *Elizabeth Canning*, towards the stairs, she, the said Susannah Wells, came into the kitchen and asked the said Mary Squires what she was going to push the girl up stairs for, or words to that effect, and to the best of this informant's recollection and belief, the said Mary Squires answered—What is that to you? you have no business with it. Whereupon the said Susannah Wells directly went out of the kitchen into an opposite room called the parlour, from whence she came, as this informant believes. And this informant saith that the said Mary Squires forced the said *Elizabeth Canning* up stairs into the said workshop, and buttoned the door at the bottom of the stairs in the kitchen upon her, and confined her there. And this informant saith, that about two hours after, a quantity

of water in an old broken-mouthed large black jug was carried up the said stairs, and put down upon the floor of the said workshop at the top of the stairs, to the best of this informant's recollection and belief. And this informant saith, that soon after the said *Elizabeth Canning* was so put into the said workshop, and the said Susannah Wells was returned into the parlour, the said John Squires returned again into the kitchen, and took the stays from off the chair and went away with the same, and in about an hour's time returned and went into the parlour with the said Susannah Wells; he, the said John Squires, came again into the kitchen, and then this informant went into the parlour to the said Susannah Wells, and the said Susannah Wells there said to the informant, Virtue, the Gipsy man (meaning the said John Squires) has been telling me that his mother had cut the girl's (meaning the said *Elizabeth Canning's*) stays off her back, and that he has got them; and further said I desire you will not make a clack of it for fear it should be blown, or used words to that or the like effect. And this informant saith that from the time of the said *Elizabeth Canning* being so confined in the morning of the said 2nd day of *January*, in manner as aforesaid, she, the said *Elizabeth Canning* was not missed or discovered to have escaped out of the said workshop until *Wednesday*, the 31st day of the same month of *January*, as she, this informant, verily believes; for that to the best of this informant's recollection and belief, she was the person that first missed the said *Elizabeth Canning* thereout. And this informant saith, that the said Susannah Wells harboured and continued the said Mary Squires in her aforesaid house from the time of the said Mary Squires robbing the said *Elizabeth Canning* of her stays, until *Thursday*, the 1st day of *February* last past, when the said Susannah Wells,

Sarah, her daughter, Mary Squires, John Squires, his two sisters, Catherine and Mary Squires, Fortune Natus, and Sarah, his wife, and this informant, were apprehended on account thereof, and carried before Justice Tyshemaker. And this informant saith, that Fortune Natus and Sarah his wife, to the best of this informant's recollection and belief, have lodged in the house of the said Susannah Wells about eleven weeks next before *Monday*, the 5th day of *February* instant, and layed on a bed of hay spread in the kitchen at night, which was in the day-time pushed up in a corner thereof, and continued lying there, when at home, until *Thursday*, the said 5th day of *February*, when, before the said Mr. Tyshemaker, all, except the said Susannah Wells and Mary Squires, were discharged, and then that evening the said Fortune Natus and Sarah, his wife, laid up in the said workshop where the said *Elizabeth Canning* had been confined, so that, as this informant understood, it might be pretended that they had lain in the said workshop for all the time they had lodged in the said Susannah Wells's house. And saith, that on the day on which it was discovered that the said *Elizabeth Canning* had made her escape out of the said workshop, by breaking down some boards slightly affixed across the window-place, the said Sarah, daughter of the said Susannah Wells, nailed up the said window-place again with boards, so that the said window-place might not appear to have been broke open. And lastly, this informant saith, that she, this informant, hath lived with the said Susannah Wells about a quarter of a year last past, and well knows that the said Susannah Wells, during that time, hath kept a very notorious, ill-governed and disorderly house, and

has had the character of doing so for many years past; and that the said Susannah Wells well knew and was privy to the confinement of the said *Elizabeth Canning*.

Sworn before me, this 14th February 1753. H. FIELDING.

Her Virtue Hall x Mark.

The reader will be pleased to consider the nature of this information truly taken in the manner above set down, to compare it with the evidence given by this Virtue Hall at her trial, and lastly, to compare it with the evidence of *Elizabeth Canning*, and then I am much mistaken if he condemns either the judge or jury.

After I had finished the examination of Virtue Hall, one Judith Natus, the wife of Fortune Natus, whom I apprehend to belong to the Gipsies, and who was found in the house with Virtue Hall, being examined upon her oath before me, declared, that she and her husband lay in the same room where *Elizabeth Canning* pretended to have been confined during the whole time of her pretended confinement, and declared that she had never seen nor heard of any such person as *Elizabeth Canning* in Wells's house. Upon this, Virtue Hall, of her own accord, affirmed, as she doth in her information in writing, these two persons were introduced into that room, to lie there, by Mother *Wells*, to give a colour to the defence which Wells was to make, and which these people, in the presence of Virtue Hall, had agreed to swear to.

Upon this some persons, who where present, were desirous that this Judith Natus should be committed for perjury, but I told them that such a proceeding would be contrary to law, for that I might as well

commit Virtue Hall upon the evidence of Judith Natus. However, as I confess I myself thought her guilty of perjury, I gave her some little caution, and told her that she ought to be very sure of the truth of what she said, if she intended to give that evidence at the Old Bailey, and then discharged her.

The next day Virtue Hall came again before me, but nothing material passed, nor was she three minutes in my presence. I then ordered detainers for felony against the Gipsy woman and Wells to be sent to the prisons where they then lay, upon the commitments of Mr. Tyshemaker, and thus ended all the trouble which I thought it was necessary for me to give myself in this affair; for, as to the Gipsy woman or Wells, those who understand the law well know I had no business with them.

Some days afterwards, however, upon my return to town, my clerk informed me that several noble lords had sent to my house in my absence, desiring to be present at the examination of the Gipsy woman. Of this I informed Mr. Salt, and desired him to bring *Elizabeth Canning* and Virtue Hall, in order to swear their several informations again in the presence of the Gipsy woman and Wells, and appointed him a day for so doing, of which I sent an advice to the noble lords.

One of these, namely, Lord Montfort, together with several gentlemen of fashion, came at the appointed time. They were in my room before the prisoners or witnesses were brought up. The informations were read to the two prisoners; after which I asked the prisoners a very few questions, and in what manner I behaved to them, let all who were present testify; I can truly say, that my memory doth not charge me with having ever insulted the lowest wretch that hath been brought before me.

The prisoners and witnesses left the room while all the company remained in it; and from that time to this day I never saw the face of Virtue Hall, unless once when she came before me with *Canning*, to see a man who was taken on suspicion of the robbery, and when I scarce spoke to her; nor should I have seen *Elizabeth Canning* more, had not I received a message from some gentlemen desiring my advice how to dispose of some money which they had collected for the use of *Elizabeth Canning*, in the best manner for her advantage; upon which occasion I ordered her to be sent for, to meet one of the gentlemen at my house: and had I not likewise been informed, since the trial, that a great number of affidavits, proving that the Gipsy woman was at Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire, at the very time when *Elizabeth Canning* had sworn that she was robbed by her at Enfield Wash, were arrived at my lord mayor's office. Upon this I sent for her once more, and endeavoured by all means in my power to sift the truth out of her, and to bring her to a confession if she was guilty; but she persisted in the truth of the evidence that she had given, and with such an appearance of innocence, as persuaded all present of the justice of her cause.

Thus have I very minutely recited the whole concern which I had in this affair, unless that after I had discharged my whole duty as a justice of the peace, Mr. Salt came again to consult with me concerning the crime of which Wells was accused, and the manner of prosecuting her, upon a point of law, which is by no means a very easy one, namely, that of accessories after the fact in felony, upon which I gave him my opinion.

And now, having run through the process of the

affair as far as to the trial, which is already in print, I come to lay before the reader that point of evidence on which, as I have said, so great a stress ought to be laid, a point on which indeed any cause whatever might be safely rested: this is the agreement, in so many particular circumstances, between the evidence of *Elizabeth Canning* and Virtue Hall. That Virtue Hall had never seen nor heard the evidence of *Elizabeth Canning* at the time when she made her own information, is a fact; nay, had she even heard the other repeat it once over before a justice of peace, that she should be able, at a distance of time, to retain every particular circumstance so exactly as to make it tally in the manner her information doth with that of *Elizabeth Canning*, is a supposition in the highest degree absurd, and those who can believe it can believe that which is much more incredible than any thing in the narrative of *Elizabeth Canning*.

The only way therefore to account for this is, by supposing that the two girls laid this story together. To the probability and indeed possibility of this supposition, I object.

First, That from the whole circumstances of this case it appears manifestly that they had never seen the face of each other (unless *Canning* be believed as to the time when she was brought into Wells's) before the persons came to apprehend her, nay, Wells herself declared before me that *Canning* had never been in her house, and the other scarce ever out of it during the whole month in question.

Secondly, If we could suppose they had met together so as to form this story, the behaviour of Virtue Hall before Mr. Tyshemaker would entirely destroy any such supposition, for there this Virtue Hall was so far from being in the same story with *Elizabeth Canning*, that

she there affirmed she knew nothing of the matter, and she had then no reason to apprehend any further examination; nor is it possible to conceive that these two girls should afterwards enter into any such agreement. From the day of the examination before Mr. Tyshemaker, till Virtue Hall came before me, the two girls never saw the face of each other, the one remained sick at her mother's in town, the other continued at Wells's house at Enfield, in company with those who yet persist in their friendship to Wells and the Gipsy. In reality, I never yet heard a fact better established in a court of justice than this, that *Elizabeth Canning* and Virtue Hall did not lay this story together, nay, even she herself doth not, as I have heard, since her apostacy, pretend to say any such thing, but imputes her evidence to her being threatened and bullied into it, which, to my own knowledge, and that of many others, is a most impudent falsehood; and, secondly, ascribes her agreeing with *Elizabeth Canning* to having heard her deliver her evidence, which, besides being impossible, can be proved to be another notorious falsehood, by a great number of witnesses of indisputable credit.

So that I think I am here entitled to the following syllogistical conclusion:

Whenever two witnesses declare a fact, and agree in all the circumstances of it, either the fact is true or they have previously concerted the evidence between themselves.

But in this case it is impossible that these girls should have so previously concerted the evidence:

And, therefore, the fact is true.

The reader will be pleased to observe, that I do not here lay any weight on the evidence of Virtue Hall, as far as her own credit is necessary to support that

evidence, for in truth she deserves no credit at all; the weight which I here lay on her evidence is so far only as it is supported by that evidence of fact which alone is always safely to be depended upon, as it is alone incapable of a lie.

And here, though I might very well rest the merits of the whole cause on this single point, yet I cannot conclude the case of this poor girl without one observation, which hath, I own, surprised me, and will, I doubt not, surprise the reader. It is this, Why did not the Gipsy woman and Wells produce the evidence of Fortune Natus and his wife in their defence at their trial, since that evidence, as they well knew, was so very strong in their behalf, that had the jury believed it, they must have been acquitted? For my own part, I can give but one answer to this, and that is too obvious to need to be here mentioned.

Nor will I quit this case, without observing the pretty incident of the minced pie, which, as it possibly saved this poor girl's life, so doth the intention of carrying it home to her little brother serve very highly to represent the goodness as well as childishness and simplicity of her character; a character so strongly imprinted in her countenance, and attested by all her neighbours.

Upon the whole, this case, whether it be considered in a private or a public light, deserves to be scrutinised to the bottom; and that can be only done by the Government's authorising some very capable and very indifferent persons to examine into it, and particularly into the *alibi* defence of Mary Squires, the Gipsy woman. On the one side here is the life of a subject at stake, who, if her defence is true, is innocent; and a young girl, guilty of the blackest, most premeditated, and most audacious perjury, levelled

against the lives of several innocent persons. On the other side, if the evidence of *Elizabeth Canning* is true, and perjury should, nevertheless, prevail against her, an innocent young creature, who hath suffered the most cruel and unheard-of injuries, is in danger of being rewarded for them by ruin and infamy; and what must extremely aggravate her case, and will distinguish her misery from that of all other wretches upon earth, is, that she will owe all this ruin and infamy to this strange circumstance, that her sufferings have been beyond what human nature is supposed capable of bearing; whilst robbery, cruelty, and the most impudent of all perjuries, will escape with impunity and triumph; and, therefore, will so escape, because the barbarity of the guilty parties hath risen to a pitch of wanton and untempted inhumanity, beyond all possibility of belief.

As to my own conduct in this affair, which I have deduced with the most minute exactness, I know it to be highly justifiable before God and before man. I frankly own I thought it entitled me to the very reverse of censure. The truth is, the same motive prevailed with me then, which principally urged me to take up my pen at this time, a desire to protect innocence and to detect guilt; and the delight in so doing was the only reward I ever expected, so help me God; and I have the satisfaction to be assured that those who know me best will most believe me.

In solemn truth, the only error I can ever be possibly charged with in this case is an error in sagacity. If *Elizabeth Canning* be guilty of a false accusation, I own she hath been capable of imposing on me; but I have the comfort to think the same imposition hath passed not only on two juries, but likewise on one of the best judges that ever sate on the bench of justice,

and on two other very able judges who were present at the trial.

I do not, for my own part, pretend to infallibility, though I can at the same time with truth declare that I have never spared any pains in endeavouring to detect falsehood and perjury, and have had some very notable success that way.

In this case, however, one of the most simple girls I ever saw, if she be a wicked one, hath been too hard for me; supposing her to be such, she hath indeed most grossly deceived me, for I remain still in the same error; and I appeal, in the most solemn manner, to the Almighty for the truth of what I now assert. I am at this very time on this 15th day of March, 1753, as firmly persuaded as I am of any fact in this world, the truth of which depends solely on the evidence of others, that Mary Squires, the Gipsy woman, IS GUILTY of the robbery and cruelty of which she stands convicted; that the *alibi* defence is not only a false one, but a falsehood very easy to be practised on all occasions where there are gangs of people, as Gipsies, &c.; that very foul and unjustifiable practices have been used in this whole affair since the trial, and that *Elizabeth Canning* is a poor, honest, innocent, simple girl, and the most unhappy and most injured of all human beings.

It is this persuasion alone, I repeat it again, which occasioned me to give the public this trouble; for as to myself I am, in my own opinion, as little concerned in the event of this whole matter as any other man whatever.

Whatever warmth I have at last contracted in this matter, I have contracted from those who have been much warmer on the other side; nor can any such magistrate blame me, since we must, I am persuaded,

act from the same motive of doing justice to injured innocence. This is surely the duty of every man, and a very indispensible duty it is, if we believe one of the best of writers. *Qui non defendit, nec obsistit, si potest, injuriæ, tam erit in vitio quam si parentes, aut amicos, aut patriam deserat.* These are Tully's words, and they are in the most especial manner applicable to every magistrate.

To the merit of having discharged this duty, my lord mayor as well as myself have a just title at all events. And for my own part, as I do not expect to gain, so neither do I fear to lose any other honour on the final issue of this affair; for surely the cause is of such a nature that a man must be intolerably vain who is ashamed of being mistaken on either side. To be placed above the reach of deceit is to be placed above the rank of a human being; sure I am that I make no pretension to be of that rank; indeed I have been often deceived in my opinion of men, and have served and recommended to others those persons whom I have afterwards discovered to be totally worthless. I shall, in short, be very well contented with the character which Cicero gives of Epicurus. *Quis illum negat & bonum virum & comem & humanum fuisse!* And whoever will allow me this, which I must own I think I deserve, shall have my leave to add, *tamen, si hæc vera sunt non satis acutus fuit.*

In solemn truth so little desirous am I to be found in the right, that I shall not be in the least displeased to find myself mistaken. This indeed I ought, as a good man, to wish may be the case, since that this country should have produced one great monster of iniquity is a reflection much less shocking than to consider the nation to be arrived at such an alarming state of profligacy, and our laws and government to lie in so languish-

ing a condition that a gang of wretches like these should dare to form such an impudent attempt to elude public justice, nay, rather to overbear it by the force of associated perjury in the face of the whole world; and that this audacious attempt should have had, at least, a very high probability of succeeding.

This is the light in which I see this case at present. I conclude, therefore, with hoping that the government will authorise some proper persons to examine to the very bottom, a matter in which the honour of our national justice is so deeply concerned.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the extreme hurry in which the foregoing case was drawn up, I forgot to observe one strange circumstance which will attend the case of *Elizabeth Canning*, if it should be admitted to be a forgery; this is, that she should charge the Gipsy woman, when she must have known that woman could prove an *alibi*, and not Susannah Wells, who could have had no such proof. This will be very strong if applied to the evidence of *Canning*, but much stronger when applied to the evidence of Virtue Hall, who lived in the house the whole time.

This appears to be very simple conduct; and, as such, indeed, is consistent enough with her character. So is not the artful manner in which the charge was brought out; first, *Canning* accused the Gipsy woman, and went no further; then Hall brought the rest upon the stage, all in such regularity, and with such appearance of truth that no Newgate solicitor ever

ranged his evidence in better order. But, perhaps, I might have spared my reader these observations, as I can now inform him that I have this very afternoon (*Sunday* the 18th instant) read over a great number of affidavits corroborating the whole evidence of *Canning*, and contradicting the *alibi* defence of the Gipsy woman. I shall only add, that these affidavits are by unquestionable witnesses, and sworn before three worthy Justices of the County of Middlesex, who lived in the neighbourhood of Enfield Washe.

A

TRUE STATE

OF THE

CASE

OF

BOSAVERN PENLEZ,

WHO SUFFERED ON ACCOUNT OF THE LATE RIOT IN THE STRAND,

In which the Law, regarding these Offences and the Statute of GEORGE THE FIRST, commonly called the Riot Act, are fully considered.

BY

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.,

Barrister at Law, and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, and for the City and Liberty of Westminster.

A

TRUE STATE

OF THE

CASE

OF

BOSAVERN PENLEZ.

It may easily be imagined that a man whose character hath been so barbarously, even without the least regard to truth or decency, aspersed on account of his endeavours to defend the present government, might wish to decline any future appearance as a political writer; and this possibly may be thought by some a sufficient reason of that reluctance with which I am drawn forth to do an act of justice to my King and his administration, by disabusing the public, which hath been, in the grossest and wickedest manner, imposed upon, with relation to the case of *Bosavern Penlez*, who was executed for the late riot in the Strand.

There is likewise another reason of this reluctance with which those only who know me well can be cer-

tainly acquainted; and that is my own natural disposition. Sure I am, that I greatly deceive myself, if I am not in some little degree partaker of that milk of human kindness which Shakspeare speaks of. I was desirous that a man who had suffered the extremity of the law should be permitted to rest quietly in his grave. I was willing that his punishment should end there; nay, that he should be generally esteemed the object of compassion, and, consequently, a more dreadful example of one of the best of all our laws.

But when this malefactor is made an object of sedition, when he is transformed into a hero, and the most merciful prince who ever sat on any throne is arraigned of blameable severity, if not of downright cruelty, for suffering justice to take place; and the sufferer, instead of remaining an example to incite terror, is recommended to our honour and admiration; I should then think myself worthy of much censure, if having a full justification in my hands, I permitted it to sleep there, and did not lay it before the public, especially as they are appealed to on this occasion.

Before I enter, however, into the particulars of this man's case, and perform the disagreeable task of raking up the ashes of the dead, though of the meanest degree, to scatter infamy among them, I will premise something concerning the law of riots in general. This I shall do, as well for the justification of the law itself, as for the information of the people, who have been long too ignorant in this respect; and who, if they are now taught a little better to know the law, are taught at the same time to regard it as cruel and oppressive, and as an innovation on our constitution: for so the statute of George the First, commonly called the Riot Act, hath lately been represented in a public newspaper.

If this doctrine had been first broached in this paper, the ignorance of it would not have been worth remarking; but it is in truth a repetition only of what hath been formerly said by men who must have known better. Whoever remembers the political writings published twenty years ago, must remember that among the articles exhibited against a former administration, this of passing the Riot Act was one of the principal.

Surely these persons mean to insinuate that by this statute riots were erected into a greater crime than they had ever before been esteemed, and that a more severe punishment was enacted for them than had formerly been known among us.

Now the falsehood of this must be abundantly apparent to every one who hath any competent knowledge of our laws. Indeed whoever knows anything of the nature of mankind, or of the history of free countries, must entertain a very indifferent opinion of the wisdom of our ancestors, if he can imagine they had not taken the strongest precautions to guard against so dangerous a political disease, and which hath so often produced the most fatal effects.

Riots are in our law divided into those of a private and into those of a public kind. The former of these are when a number of people (three at the least) assemble themselves in a tumultuous manner, and commit some act of violence amounting to a breach of the peace, where the occasion of the meeting is to redress some grievance, or to revenge some quarrel of a private nature; such as to remove the enclosures of lands in a particular parish, or unlawfully and forcibly to gain the possession of some tenement, or to revenge some injury done to one or a few persons, or on some other such private dispute, in which the interest of the public is no ways concerned.

Such riot is a very high misdemeanor, and to be punished very severely by fine and imprisonment.

Mr. Pulton, speaking of this kind of riot, writes thus: 'Riots, routs, unlawful and rebellious assemblies, have 'been so many times pernicious and fatal enemies to 'this kingdom, the peace and tranquility thereof, and 'have so often shaken the foundation, and put in hazard 'the very form and state of government of the same, that 'our law-makers have been enforced to devise from age to 'age, one law upon another, and one statute after another 'for the repressing and punishing of them, and have 'endeavoured by all their wits to snip the sprouts, and 'quench the very first sparks of them. As every man 'may easily perceive there was cause thereof, who will 'look back and call to his remembrance what that small 'riot, begun at Dartmouth, in Kent, in the reign of King 'Richard the Second, between the collector of a subsidy 'and a Tyler and his wife, about the payment of one poor 'groat, did come unto, which being not repressed in 'time, did grow to so great a rebellion, that after it put in 'hazard the life of the King, the burning of the City of 'London, the overthrow of the whole nobility, gentlemen, 'and all the learned of the land, and the subversion of 'this goodly monarchy and form of government. Or, if 'they will call to mind the small riot or quarrel begun in 'the reign of King Henry the Sixth, between a yeoman of 'the guard and a serving-man of Richard Nevil's, Earl of 'Warwick, which so far increased for want of restraint, 'that it was the root of many woeful tragedies, and a mean 'to bring to untimely death first Richard Plantagenet, 'Duke of York, proclaimed successor to the Crown, and 'the chief pillar of the House of York, and after him King 'Henry the Sixth, and Prince Edward his son, the heirs 'of the House of Lancaster, and to ruinate with the one

'or the other of them, most of the peers, great men, and 'gentlemen of the realm, besides many thousands of the 'common people. And therefore King Edward the First 'did well ordain, that no sheriffs shall suffer barritors or 'maintainers of quarrels in their counties. And that to all 'parliaments, treaties, and other assemblies, each man 'shall come peaceably, without any armour; and that 'every man shall have armour in his house, according to 'his ability, to keep the peace. And King Edward the 'Third provided, that no man shall come before the 'justices, nor go or ride armed, And that suspected, 'lewd, and riotous persons shall be arrested, and safely 'kept until they be delivered by the justices of goal 'delivery. And that justices of peace shall restrain 'offenders, rioters, and all other barritors, and pursue, 'take, and chasten them according to their trespass and 'offence. King Richard the Second did prohibit riots, 'routs, and forcible entries into lands, that were made in 'divers counties and parts of the realm. And that none 'from thenceforth should make any riot, or rumour. 'And that no man shall ride armed, nor use launcegaies. 'And that no labourer, servant in husbandry, or artificer, 'or victualler, shall wear any buckler, sword, or dagger. 'And that all the King's officers shall suppress and 'imprison such as make any riots, routs, or unlawful 'assemblies against the peace. King Henry the Fourth 'enacted. That the justices of peace and the sheriff 'shall arrest those which commit any riot, rout, or 'unlawful assembly, shall enquire of them, and record 'their offences. King Henry the Fifth assigned com-'missioners to enquire of the same justices and sheriffs 'defaults in that behalf, and also limited what punish-'ment offenders attainted of riot should sustain. King 'Henry the Seventh ordained, that such persons as were 'returned to enquire of riots should have sufficient

'freehold or copyhold land within the same shire. And 'that no maintenance should hinder their inquisition. 'And in the reign of Queen Mary there was a necessary 'statute established to restrain and punish unlawful and 'rebellious assemblies raised by a multitude of unruly 'persons, to commit certain violent, forcible, and riotous 'acts.'

The second kind of riot is of a public kind; as where an indefinite* number of persons assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, in manner of war, arrayed, and commit any open violence with an avowed design of redressing any public grievance; as to remove certain persons from the King, or to lay violent hands on a privy-counsellor, or to revenge themselves of a magistrate for executing his office, or to bring down the price of victuals, or to reform the law or religion, or to pull down all bawdy houses, or to remove all enclosures in general, &c.† This riot is high-treason within the words levying war against the king, in the statute of Edward III. 'For here,' says *Lord Coke*, 'the pretence is public and 'general, and not private in particular. ‡ And this, 'says he, tho' there be no great number of con- 'spirators, is levying war within the purview of the 'above statute.'

In the reign of King Henry VIII. it was resolved by all the judges of England, that an insurrection against the statute of labourers for the enhancing of salaries and wages, was a levying of war against the King, because it was generally against the King's

* It may be gathered, perhaps, from *Lord Coke*, 3 Inst. 176. that the number ought to be above 7 or at most 34, for such number is, he says, called an army. And a lesser number cannot, I think, be well said to be *modo guerrino arraiati*.

† Hawk. lib. 1. cap. 17, sect. 25.

‡ 3 Inst. 9.

law, and the offenders took upon them the reformation thereof, which subjects, by gathering power, ought not to do.*

In the 20th of Charles II. a special verdict was found at the Old Bailey, that A, B, C, &c., with divers others, to the number of an hundred, assembled themselves in manner of war arrayed to pull down bawdy houses, and that they marched with a flag on a staff, and weapons, and pulled down houses in prosecution of their conspiracies; which by all the judges assembled, except one, was ruled to be high treason.†

My Lord Chief-Justice *Kelyng*, who tried the cause, tells us, in his reports,‡ 'that he directed the jury, 'that he was well satisfied in his own judgement, 'that such assembling together as was proved, and 'the pulling down of houses upon pretence they were 'bawdy houses; was high treason, because they took 'upon them regal power to reform that which be-'longed to the King by his law and justices to correct 'and reform; and it would be a strange way and mis-'chievous to all people to have such a rude rabble, 'without an indictment to proceed in that manner 'against all persons houses which they would call 'bawdy houses, for then no man were safe; therefore 'as that way tore the government out of the King's 'hands, so it destroyed the great privilege of the 'people, which is not to be proceeded against, but 'upon an indictment first found by a grand jury, and 'after, upon a legal trial by another jury, where the 'party accused was heard to make his defence; yet, 'says he, because the Kings of this nation had often-

* 3 Inst. 10.

† Hale's History of the Pleas of the Crown, vol. 1, p. 134.

‡ Kel. 71.

'times been so merciful as when such outrages had 'been heretofore done, not to proceed capitally against 'the offenders but to proceed against the offenders 'in the star-chamber, being willing to reduce their 'people by milder ways, if it were possible, to their 'duty and obedience; yet that lenity of the King 'in some cases did not hinder the King, when 'he saw there was need to proceed in a severer 'way, to take that course which was warranted 'by law, and to make greater examples, that the 'people may know the law is not wanting so far to 'the safety of the King and his people, as to let 'such outrages go without capital punishment, which 'is at this time absolutely necessary, because we our-'selves have seen a rebellion raised by gathering 'people together upon fairer pretences than this was, 'for no such persons use at first to declare their 'wickedest design, but when they see that they may 'effect their design, then they will not stick to go 'further, and give the law themselves, and destroy 'all that oppose them: but yet because there was no 'body of the long robe there but my brother Wylde, 'then Recorder of London, and myself, and that this 'example might have the greater authority, I did re-'solve that the jury should find the matter specially, 'and then I would procure a meeting of all the 'judges of England, and what was done should be 'by their opinion, that so this question might have 'such a resolution as no person afterwards should 'have reason to doubt the law, and all persons might 'be warned how they for the time to come mingle 'themselves with such rabble on any kind of such 'pretences.'

And afterwards out of six against whom special verdicts were found, four were executed.

In the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth, it was made treason to compass, imagine, invent, devise, or intend to levy war against the Queen, &c.

On this statute *Richard Bradshaw*, a miller, *Robert Burton*, a mason, and others of Oxfordshire, were indicted and attainted. 'This case,' says *Lord Coke*, 'was 'that they conspired and agreed to assemble themselves, 'with as many as they could procure, at Emflowe Hill, 'in the said county, there to rise, and from thence to go 'from gentleman's house to gentleman's house, and to 'cast down enclosures as well for enlargement of high-'ways as of arable lands, &c.' This was resolved to be a compassing to levy war against the Queen, and to be treason, and the offenders were executed at Emflowe Hill.*

The last mentioned case was in the 30th year of Queen Elizabeth: and two years before that several apprentices of London assembled themselves to the number of three hundred and upwards at Bunhill and Tower Hill, in order to deliver some of their fellows out of prison, and threatened to burn my Lord Mayor's house, and to break open two houses near the Tower where arms were lodged. They had with them a trumpet, and a cloak upon a pole was carried as their colours, and being opposed by the sheriff and sword-bearer of London, offered violence to their persons, and for the offence they were indicted of treason, attainted and executed.†

Now the reason of the judgment in all these cases was because the offenders had attempted by force and violence to redress grievances of a public nature; for as *Anderson*, in his report of the last case tells us, 'When any persons 'intend to levy war for any matter which the King by 'his law and justice ought or can regulate in his govern-

* 3 Inst. 10, 2 And 66. Poph, 122.

† 2 And 2. Hale's Hist,, vol. i. 125.

'ment as King, this shall be intended a levying of war 'against the King; nor is it material whether they in- 'tend any hurt to the person of the King, if their intent 'be against his office and authority.' This is within the statute of the 13th Elizabeth, and wherever the intent is within that statute, the real levying war is within the statute of Edward III,

I have set down these cases only to show the light in which these kinds of riots have been always considered by our ancestors, and how severely they have been punished in the most constitutional reigns.

And yet extensive as this branch of treason on the statute of Edward the Third may seem to have been, it was not held sufficient. For by the 3 and 4 of Edward VI. it was made high treason for twelve persons, or above, being assembled together, to attempt to alter any laws, &c., or to continue together above an hour after they are commanded by a justice of peace, mayor, sheriff, &c., to return. And by the same Act it was made felony for twelve persons, or above, to practice to destroy any park, pond, conduit, or dove-house, &c., or to pull down any houses, barns, or mills, or to abate the rates of any lands, or the prices of any victual, &c.

This statute was repealed in the first year of Queen Mary, and then it was enacted that 'If any persons to the 'number of twelve, or above, being assembled together, 'shall intend, go about, practice, or put in use, with force 'and arms, unlawfully and of their own authority, to 'change any laws made for religion by authority of 'parliament standing in force, or any other laws or 'statutes of this realm, or any of them, the same 'number of twelve, or above, being commanded 'or required by the sheriff of the shire, or by any justice 'of peace of the same shire, or by any mayor, sheriff, 'justices of peace, or bailiffs of any city, borough, or

'town corporate, where any such assemblies shall be 'lawfully had or made, by proclamation in the Queen's 'name to retire and repair to their houses, habitations, 'or places from whence they came, and they or any of 'them, notwithstanding such proclamation, shall con- 'tinue together by the space of one whole hour after such 'commandment or request made by proclamation; or 'after that shall willingly in forcible and riotous manner 'attempt to do or put in ure any of the things above 'specified, that then, as well every such abode together, 'as every such act or offence, shall be adjudged felony, 'and the offenders therein shall be adjudged felons, and 'shall suffer only execution of death, as in case of felony. 'And if any persons to the said number of twelve, or 'above, shall go about, &c., to overthrow, cut, cast 'down, or dig the pales, hedges, ditches, or other enclo- 'sure of any park, or other ground enclosed, or the banks 'of any fish-pond or pool, or any conduits for water, con- 'duit-heads, or conduit-pipes having course of water, to 'the intent that the same, or any of them, should from 'thenceforth lie open, or unlawfully to have way or 'common in the said parks or other grounds enclosed, or 'to destroy the deer in any manner of park, or any 'warren of conies, or any dove-houses, or any fish in any 'fish-pond or pool, or to pull or cut down any houses, 'barns, mills, or bayes, or to burn any stacks of corn, 'or to abate or diminish the rents of any lands, or the 'price of any victual, corn or grain, or any other thing 'usual for the sustenance of man; and being required or 'commanded by any justice of peace, &c., by proclama- 'tion to be made, &c., to retire to their habitations, &c., 'and they or any of them notwithstanding shall remain 'together by the space of one whole hour after such 'commandment made by proclamation, or shall in forcible 'manner put in ure any the things last before mentioned,

'&c. That then every of the said offenders shall be 'judged a felon, &c. And if any person or persons 'unlawfully, and without authority, by ringing of any 'bell or bells, sounding of any trumpet, drum, horn, or 'other instrument, or by firing of any beacon, or by 'malicious speaking of any words, or making any out-'cry, or by setting up or casting of any bill or writing, or 'by any other deed or act, shall raise, or cause to be 'raised, any persons to the number of twelve, or above, 'to the intent that the same persons should do or put in 'ure any of the acts above mentioned, and that the persons 'so raised and assembled, after commandment given in 'form aforesaid, shall make their abode together in form 'as is aforesaid, or in forcible manner put in ure any of 'the acts aforesaid, that then all and singular persons by 'whose speaking, deed, act, or other the means above 'specified, to the number of twelve so raised, shall be 'adjudged felons. And if the wife, servant, or other 'persons shall any way relieve them that be unlawfully 'assembled, as is aforesaid, with victuals, armours, 'weapons, or any other thing, that then they shall be 'adjudged felons. And if any persons above the number 'of two, and under the number of twelve, shall practice 'or put in ure any of the things above mentioned, and 'being commanded by a justice of peace, &c., to retire, &c., 'and they make their abode by the space of one hour 'together, that then every of them shall suffer imprison-'ment by the space of one year without bail or mainprise, 'and every person damnified shall or may recover his 'triple damages against him; and every person able, 'being requested by the King's officers, shall be bound to 'resist them. If any persons to the number of forty or 'above, shall assemble together by forcible manner, 'unlawfully and of their own authority, to the intent to 'put in ure any of the things above specified, or to do

'other felonies or rebellious act or acts, and so shall 'continue together by the space of three hours after 'proclamation shall be made at or nigh the place where 'they shall be so assembled, or in some market-town 'thereunto next adjoining, and after notice thereof to 'them given, then every person so willingly assembled in 'forcible manner, and so continuing together by the space 'of three hours, shall be adjudged a felon. And if any 'copyholder or farmer being required by any of the 'King's officers having authority, to aid and assist them 'in repressing any of the said offenders do refuse so to 'do, that then he shall forfeit his copyhold or lease, only 'for term of his life.'

Some well-meaning honest Jacobite will perhaps object that this last statute was enacted in a Popish reign; but he will please to observe, that it is even less severe than that of Edward VI., to which I shall add, that by the 1st of Queen Elizabeth, chap. 16, this very Act of Queen Mary was continued during the life of Queen Elizabeth, and to the end of the parliament then next following.

Having premised thus much, we will now examine the statute of George I., commonly called the Riot Act; which hath so often been represented either by the most profound ignorance, or the most impudent malice, as unconstitutional, unprecedented, as an oppressive innovation, and dangerous to the liberty of the subject.

By this statute all persons to the number of twelve or more, being unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously assembled together, to the disturbance of the public peace, and not dispersing themselves within an hour after the proclamation is read to them by a proper magistrate, are made guilty of felony without benefit of clergy.

Secondly. The statute gives a power to all magistrates and peace officers, and to all persons who are by such magistrates and peace officers commanded to assist them,

to apprehend all such persons so continuing together as above after the proclamation read, and indemnifies the said magistrates and peace officers, and all their assistants, if in case of resistance any of the rioters should be hurt, maimed, or killed.

Thirdly. It is enacted, that if any persons unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously assembled together, to the disturbance of the public peace, shall unlawfully and with force demolish or pull down, or begin to demolish or pull down any church or chapel, or any building for religious worship certified and registered, &c., or any dwelling-house, barn, stable, or other out-house, that then every such demolishing, or pulling down, or beginning to demolish or pull down, shall be adjudged felony without benefit of clergy.

Fourthly. If any persons obstruct the magistrate in reading the proclamation, so that it cannot be read, such obstruction is made felony without clergy; and the continuing together, to the number of twelve, after such let or hindrance of reading the proclamation, incurs the same guilt as if the proclamation had really been read.

These are all the penal clauses in the statute.

I observe then that this law cannot be complained against as an innovation: for as to that part of the statute by which rioters, who continued together for the space of an hour, after they are commanded by the magistrate to disperse, are made guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, what does it more than follow the precedents of those laws which were enacted in the time of Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth? And if the law now under our consideration be a little more severe than one of the former acts, it must be allowed to be less severe than the other.

Indeed this power of the magistrates in suppressing all kind of riots hath been found so necessary, that from the second year of Edward III. even down to these days, the legislature hath from time to time more and more increased it. Of such consequence hath this matter appeared, and so frequently hath it been under the consideration of parliament, that I think there are almost twenty statutes concerning it.

And upon the statute of 13 H. IV. cap. 7, by which the justices, sheriff, &c., are empowered and ordered to suppress all riots, it hath been holden, that not only the justices, &c., but all who attended them, may take with them such weapons as shall be necessary to enable them effectually to do it; and that they may justify the beating, wounding, and even killing such rioters as shall resist or refuse to surrender themselves.*

As to that branch of the statute by which demolishing, &c., houses, &c., is made felony, the offence, instead of being aggravated, seems to be lessened, namely, from treason into felony; according to the opinion of Judge *Walmsley* in Popham's Reports, and of Lord Chief Justice *Hale* in his Pleas of the Crown.†

It is true, as that learned judge observes,‡ the statutes of Edward or Mary did not require (nor doth that of George I. require) that the rioters should be in manner of war arrayed. But how little of this array of war was necessary upon the head of the constructive treason, must have appeared from the cases I have mentioned; in one of which the *Insignia Belli* were a few aprons carried on staves.§ In another they had a trumpet, and a cloak carried upon a

* Paph. 121. 2 And. 67. Hawk. lib. 1. cap. 65, f. 21, &c.
† Vol. 1. 134.
‡ Vol. 1. 154.
§ Kel. 70.

pole,* and in others, as appears, there were no such *insignia* at all.

Again. Upon the indictment of treason any overt-act would be sufficient; but here the offence is restrained to such acts as most manifestly threaten, not only the public peace, but the safety of every individual.

How then can this statute be said, in the second place, to be oppressive? Is it not rather the most necessary of all our laws, for the preservation and protection of the people?

The houses of men are in law considered as the castles of their defence; and that in so ample a manner, that no officer of justice is empowered by the authority of any mesne civil process to break them open. Nay, the defence of the house is by the law so far privileged beyond that of the person, that in the former case a man is allowed to assemble a force, which is denied him in the latter; and to kill a man who attacked your house was strictly lawful, whereas some degree of guilt was by the common law incurred by killing him who attacked your person. To burn your house (nay, at this day to set fire to it) is felony without benefit of clergy. To break it open by night, either committing a felony, or with intent to commit it, is burglary. To break it open by day, and steal from it the value of five shillings, or privately to steal from any dwelling-house to the value of forty shillings, is felony without benefit of clergy. Is it then an unreasonable or oppressive law, to prohibit the demolishing or pulling down your house, and that by numbers riotously and tumultuously assembled, under as severe a penalty? Is not breaking open your doors and demolishing your

* 2 And. 2.

house, a more atrocious crime in those who commit it, and much more injurious to the person against whom it is committed, than the robbing it forcibly of goods to the value of five shillings, or privately to the value of forty? If the law can here be said to be cruel, how much more so is it to inflict death on a man who robs you of a single farthing on the highway, or who privately picks your pocket of thirteen pence?

But I dwell, I am afraid, too long on this head. For surely no statute had ever less the mark of oppression; nor is any more consistent with our constitution, or more agreeable to the true spirit of our law.

And where is the danger to liberty which can arise from this statute? Nothing in reality was ever more fallacious or wicked than this suggestion. The public peace and the safety of the individual are indeed much secured by this law; but the government itself, if their interest must be or can be considered as distinct from, and indeed in opposition to, that of the people, acquires not by it the least strength or security. And this, I think, must sufficiently appear to every one who considers what I have said above. For surely there is no lawyer who can doubt, even for a single moment, whether any riotous and tumultuous assembly, who shall avow any design directly levelled against the person of the King or any of his counsellors, be high treason or not, whether, as Lord Hale says, the assembly were greater or less, or armed or not armed. And as to the power of the magistrate for suppressing such kinds of riots, and for securing the bodies of the offenders, it was altogether as strong before as it is now.

It seems, therefore, very difficult to see any evil intention in the makers of this Act, and I believe it will be as difficult to show any ill use that hath been made, or attempted to be made of it. In thirty-four years I

remember to have heard of no more than two prosecutions upon it; in neither of which any distinct interest of the government, or rather, as I suppose is meant, of the governors, was at all concerned. And to evince how little any such evil use is to be apprehended at present, I shall here repeat the sentiments of our present excellent Lord Chief Justice, as I myself heard them delivered in the King's Bench, viz., that the branch of the statute which empowers magistrates to read the proclamation for the dispersing rioters was made, as the preamble declares, on very important reasons, and intended to be applied only on very dangerous occasions; and that he should always regard it as a very high crime in any magistrate, wantonly or officiously to attempt to read it on any other.

So much for this law, on which I have dwelt perhaps longer than some may imagine to be necessary; but surely it is a law well worthy of the fullest justification, and is altogether as necessary to be publicly and indeed universally known, at a time when so many wicked acts are employed to infuse riotous principles into the mob, and when they themselves discover so great a forwardness to put these principles in practice.

I will now proceed to the fact of the late riot, and to the case which hath been so totally misrepresented. Both of which I shall give the public from the mouths of the witnesses themselves.

Middlesex, to wit. The information of Nathanael Munns, one of the beadles of the Dutchy-liberty of Lancaster.

This informant on his oath saith, that on *Saturday*, the 1st day of *July* last, this informant was summoned to quell a disturbance which was then in the Strand, near the New Church, where a large mob was assembled about the house of one Owen, the cause of

which, this informant was told, was, that a sailor had been there, robbed by a woman. When this informant first came up, the populace were crying out, 'Pull down 'the house, pull down the house!' and were so very outrageous, that all his endeavours, and those of another beadle of the same liberty, to appease them, were vain. This informant, however, attempted to seize one of the ringleaders, but he was immediately rescued from him, and he himself threatened to be knocked down; upon which this informant sent for the constables, and soon after went to his own home. And this informant saith, that between eleven and twelve the same evening two of the aforesaid rioters, being seized by the constable, were delivered into the custody of this informant, who confined them in the night prison of the said liberty, which night prison is under this informant's house.

And this informant further saith, that on the succeeding night, being *Sunday*, the 2nd day of *July*, about twelve at night, a great number of the mob came to this informant's house, and broke open the windows, and entered thereat, seized his servant, and demanded the keys of the prison, threatening to murder her if she did not deliver them; but not being able to procure the same, they wrenched the bars out of the windows, with which, as this informant has been told, and verily believes, they broke open the prison, and rescued the prisoners. And this informant further saith, that he was the same evening at the watch-house of the said liberty, where two other prisoners were confined for the said riot, and saith that a very great mob came to the said watch-house, broke the windows of the same all to pieces, demanding to have the prisoners delivered to them, threatening to pull the watch-house down if the said prisoners were not set at liberty immediately; after which they forced into the said watch-house, and rescued the

prisoners. And this informant further saith, that he apprehends himself to have been in the most imminent danger of his life, from the stones and brickbats thrown into the windows of the said watch-house by the said mob, before they forced the same.

Nathanael Munns,

Sworn before me,
HENRY FIELDING.

Middlesex, to wit. The information of John Carter, one of the constables of the Dutchy-liberty of Lancaster.

This informant upon his oath saith, that on *Saturday*, the 1st of *July*, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening, he was present at the house of one Owen, in the Strand, where there were a great mob at that time assembled, which filled up the whole space of the street for near two hundred yards; and saith, that the said house was then broke open, and the mob within it were demolishing and stripping the same; that the windows of the said house were all broke to pieces, and the mob throwing out the goods, which they soon after set fire to, and consumed them in the street; and saith, that he believes there were near two waggon loads of goods consumed, which caused so violent a flame, that the beams of the houses adjoining were so heated thereby, that the inhabitants were apprehensive of the utmost danger from the fire, and sent for the parish engines upon that occasion, which not being immediately to be procured, several firemen attended, by whose assistance, as this informant verily believes, the fire was prevented from doing more mischief. Upon this, this informant, not daring himself to oppose the rage and violence of the mob, and not being able to find any magistrate in town,

applied to General Campbell, at Somerset House, for the assistance of the guards there, who presently detached a corporal and twelve men, upon the approach of whom, the word was given by the mob to quit the house, which was immediately done by all except two, whom this informant, by the assistance of the guards, seized upon, and presently conveyed them safe to the night prison of the liberty aforesaid. The mob, however, without doors, rather increased than diminished, and continued in a very riotous and tumultuous manner, insomuch that it was thought necessary to apply for a further guard, and accordingly an officer and a considerable body of men, to the number, as this informant believes, of forty, was detached from the tilt-yard; but the mob, far from being intimidated by this reinforcement, began to attack a second house, namely, the house of one Stanhope, throwing stones, breaking the windows, and pelting, not only the sentinels who were posted before the door, but the civil as well as the military officers. And this informant further saith, that though by the interposition of the soldiers, the mob were prevented from doing further mischief that night, yet they continued together till he was relieved by another peace officer, which was not till twelve at night; nor was the said mob, as this informant has heard, and verily believes, dispersed until between two and three in the morning.

And this informant further saith, that on *Sunday*, the 2nd *July*, being the succeeding day, he was called out of his bed on account of the re-assembling of the mob before the house of Stanhope, which they had attacked the night before. That upon his arrival there, he found a vast mob got together, the house broke open and demolished, and all the goods thereof thrown into the street and set on fire; and saith, that the said fire was larger than that the preceding

night. That he was then applied to by Mr. Wilson, woollen-draper, and principal burgess of the said liberty, and one Mr. Acton, another woollen-draper, both of whom expressed the greatest apprehension of danger to the whole neighbourhood, and desired this informant immediately to apply to the tilt-yard for a number of soldiers, which he accordingly did; but being sent by the officer to a magistrate, to obtain his authority for the said guard, before he could obtain the same, Mr. Welch, high-constable of Holborn division, procured the said guard, by which means' the aforesaid rioters were soon after dispersed.

John Carter.

Sworn before me,
H. FIELDING.

Middlesex, to wit. The information of James Cecil, one of the constables of the parish of St. George the Martyr, in the said county.

This informant upon oath saith, that on the 3rd of *July* last, he was ordered by Justice Fielding to attend the prisoners to Newgate. That though an officer, with a very large guard of soldiers, attended upon the said occasion, it was not without the utmost difficulty that the said prisoners were conveyed in coaches through the streets, the mob frequently endeavouring to break in upon the soldiers, and crowding towards the coach doors. And saith, that he seized one of the most active of the mob, and carried him before the said justice, who, after having reprimanded, dismissed him. And further this informant saith, that as he passed near the Old Bailey with the aforesaid prisoners, he saw a great mob assembled there, who, as this informant was then

acquainted, had been breaking the windows of some house or houses there; and saith, that several of the said mob were in sailors' habits, but upon the approach of the soldiers they all ran away.

James Cecil.

Middlesex, to wit, The information of Saunders Welsh, gentleman, high-constable of Holborn division, in the said county.

This informant saith, that on *Sunday* morning, about ten of the clock, on the 2nd of *July* last, one Stanhope, who then kept a house in the Strand, near the New Church, came to this informant and told him, that a house had been demolished the night before in the Strand by a great mob, and that he had great reason to fear that the said mob would come and demolish his house, they having threatened that they would pull down all bawdy houses. Upon which this informant directed the said Stanhope to apply to a magistrate, telling him that he, this informant, would conduct himself upon the magistrate's directions. Upon which the said Stanhope departed, and returned no more to this informant.

And this informant saith, that as he was returning the same evening between the hours of eleven and twelve, from a friend's house in the City, as he passed through Fleet-street he perceived a great fire in the Strand, upon which he proceeded on till he came to the house of one Peter Wood, who told this informant that the mob had demolished the house of Stanhope, and were burning his goods, and that they had threatened, as soon as they had finished their business there, that they would come and demolish his house likewise, and prayed the assistance of this informant. Upon which this informant,

despairing of being able to quell the mob by his own authority, and well knowing the impossibility of procuring any magistrate at that time who would act, applied to the tilt-yard for a military force, which with much difficulty he obtained, having no order from any justice of peace for the same. And this informant saith, that having at last procured an officer with about forty men, he returned to the place of the riot; but saith, that when he came to Cecil-street end, he prevailed upon the officer to order his drum to beat, in hopes, if possible, of dispersing the mob without any mischief ensuing. And this informant saith, that when he came up to the house of Peter Wood, he found that the mob had in a great part demolished the said house, and thrown a vast quantity of his goods into the street, but had not perfected their design, a large parcel of the goods still remaining in the house, the said house having been very well furnished. And this informant says, that he hath been told there was a debate among the mob concerning burning the goods of that house likewise, as they had served those of two other houses. And this informant says, that had the goods of the said house been set on fire, it must have infallibly have set on fire the houses on both sides, the street being there extremely narrow, and saith, that the house of Messrs. Snow and Denne, the bankers, is almost opposite to that of Peter Wood. And this informant saith, that at his coming up, the mob had deserted the house of the said Peter, occasioned, as he verily believes, and hath been informed, by the terror spread among them from beating the drum as aforesaid, so that this informant found no person in the aforesaid house, save only Peter Wood, his wife, and man-servant, and two or three women who appeared to belong to it, and one Lander, who was taken by a soldier in the upper part of the house, and who, it

afterward appeared at his trial, to the satisfaction of the jury, came along with the guard.

And this informant further says, that the said rioters not immediately dispersing, several of them were apprehended by the soldiers, who being produced to Peter Wood, were by him charged as principally concerned in the demolition of his house, upon which they were delivered by this informant to a constable of the Duchy-liberty, and were by that constable conveyed, under a guard of soldiers, to New Prison. And this informant further saith, that he remained on the spot, together with part of the guards, till about three of the clock the next morning, before which time the mob were all dispersed, and peace again restored.

And this informant further saith, that on the *Monday* morning, about twelve of the clock, he attended H. Fielding, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, who had been out of town during all the preceding riot, and acquainted him with it. That immediately the said justice sent an order for a party of the guards to conduct the aforesaid prisoners to his house, the streets being at that time full of mob, assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and danger of a rescue being apprehended. And saith, that the above mentioned prisoners, together with *Bosavern Penlez*, who was apprehended by the watch in Carey-street, were brought before the said justice, who, after hearing the evidence against them, and taking the depositions thereof, committed them to Newgate. And this informant saith, that whilst he attended before the said justice, and while the prisoners were under examination, there was a vast mob assembled, not only in Bow-street, but many of the adjacent streets, so that it was difficult either to pass or repass. And further saith, that

he, this informant, received several informations that the mob had declared that, notwithstanding what had been done, they intended to carry on the same work again at night. Upon which, this informant was, by the said justice, despatched to the Secretary of War, to desire a reinforcement of the guard.

And this informant further saith, that he was present when the said justice, from his window, spoke to the mob, informed them of their danger, and exhorted them to depart to their own habitations: for which purpose, this informant likewise went among them, and entreated them to disperse, but all such exhortations were ineffectual. And this informant further saith, that he was present at the house of the said justice, when several informations were given, that a body of sailors, to the number four thousand, were assembling themselves at Tower-hill, and had declared a resolution of marching to Temple-Bar, in the evening. And so riotous did the disposition of the mob appear that whole day, to wit, *Monday*, that numbers of persons, as this informant hath been told, removed their goods from their own houses, from apprehension of sharing the fate of Owen, Stanhope and Wood. To obviate which danger, the aforesaid justice, the officer of the guard and this informant, sat up the whole night, while a large party of soldiers were kept ready under arms, who with the peace-officers patrolled the streets where the chief danger was apprehended; by means of all which care the public peace was again restored.

Saunders Welch.

Sworn before me,
HENRY FIELDING.

Middlesex, to wit, The information of Samuel Marsh, Edward Fritter, Robert Oliver, and John Hoare.

Samuel Marsh, of St. Clement Danes, in the said county, labourer, one of the watchmen of St. Dunstan's, in the West, in the City of London, maketh oath, that on the 3rd of *July* last, as he was going his rounds, a little after one in the morning, one Mr. Phillip Warwick, an engraver by trade, who then lived at Pimlico, near Buckingham-house, from whence he is since removed, came to this informant in Bell-yard, opposite the Appollo-passage, and said, there was a man above who had a great bundle of linen, which he (Warwick) thought the said man had stolen, and desired this informant to take care of him. And further acquainted this informant, that the said man told him that the linen which he then had in the bundle was his wife's, which said Warwick did not believe to be true. And this informant further saith, that when he had received this account, he went directly to the place where the said man was; and saith, that the said man, before this informant came up to him, had thrust most of the above said linen into his bosom and pockets; and saith, that just as this informant came up to him, and called out to him saying, friend, here, come and take the cap you have dropped, the said man scrambled up the rest of the things, and ran away as fast as he could all up Bell-yard; upon which this informant ran after him, and called to Edward Fritter, another watchman, to stop him. And this informant further saith, that the said man, being afterwards taken by Fritter, and in custody of him and this informant, being asked by them to whom the said linen belonged, declared that they belonged to the b—— his wife, who had pawned all his clothes; and that he had taken away these that she

might not pawn them likewise. To which this informant answered, that answer would not do; for that he was resolved to have a better answer before he left him. And this informant saith, that he and the said Fritter then carried the said man to the watch-house, where he sat down on a bench. And this informant saith, that whilst the said man sat there, several persons came into the watch-house unknown to this informant, one of whom said to the prisoner, 'You son of a b—— pull the 'things out of your bosom and out of your pockets, 'and don't let the constable find them upon you, unless 'you have a mind to hang yourself.' Upon which the prisoner pulled out the linen from his bosom and pockets, and laid it upon the bench, and saith that the said linen was afterwards delivered to Mr. Hoare, the constable. And further saith, that the aforesaid man, who was apprehended as above said, was the same *Bosavern Penlez*, who was afterwards convicted of the riot at the Old Bailey, and executed for the same. And further saith, that he believes the said *Penlez* was then a little in liquor, but by no means dead drunk; for that he talked and behaved very rationally all the time he was in the said watch-house, And further saith, that *Penlez*, when he was in the watch-house, said, that the woman to whom the linen belonged was not his wife; for that he was an unfortunate young fellow, and had kept company with bad women, and that he had been robbed by one of them of fifteen shillings, and had taken away her linen out of revenge.

Edward Fritter, of the precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, shoemaker, one of the watchmen of the liberty of the rolls, maketh oath, that upon the 3rd of *July* last, a little after one in the morning, as he was at his stand at the upper end of Bell-yard, Samuel Marsh, another watchman, called out to him, 'Stop that

man before you: stop that man before you. And this informant saith, that when he heard these words, the said man had just passed by him, making off as fast as he could; upon which this informant ran after him, and at about an hundred yards' distance overtook him, and pushed him up against the rails in Carey-street. And this informant then said to him, 'So, brother, what 'is all this you have got here?' To which the man answered, 'I am an unfortunate young man, and have 'married one of the women of the town, who hath pawned 'all my clothes, and I have got all her linen for it.' And this informant saith, that the said man had at that time some linen under his arm. Soon after which, the said man, who, as this informant saith, was *Bosavern Penlez*, was carried to the watch-house, where this informant was present when all passed that informant Marsh hath sworn. And this informant hearing the information of Marsh read, declares, that all which is there related to have passed, is true.

Robert Oliver, of the liberty of the rolls, shoemaker, and beadle of that liberty, maketh oath and saith, that he was present when *Bosavern Penlez* was brought into the watch-house belonging to the said liberty, on the 3rd of *July* last, between one and two in the morning; and saith, that he was present in the said watch-house upon his duty all the time that the said *Penlez* staid there; and upon hearing the information of Marsh read to him, this informant, he, this informant, upon his oath confirms the same in every particular.

John Hoare, of the liberty of the rolls aforesaid, victualler, then one of the constables of the liberty of the rolls, maketh oath and saith, that at two in the morning, on the 3rd of *July*, he was called by one of the watchmen of that liberty, and informed that a thief was apprehended and confined in the watch-house; upon which this informant went directly thither, and found *Bosavern Penlez* and the linen lying

on the bench, as mentioned in Marsh's information. And this informant further says, that he then examined said *Penlez* how he came by that linen, to which the said *Penlez* answered, that he had taken up the said linen in the street, to which this informant answered, that if he (Penlez) could give no better account, he must secure him till the morning. Then this informant asked him, if he could send to any one who would give him a character. Upon which *Penlez*, after some hesitation, mentioned the name of a barber who lived next to the Bunch of Grapes in the Strand, who was sent to, and refused to come, And this informant saith, that he then proposed to *Penlez* to send for some other person; but that the said *Penlez* mentioned no other person. Upon which this informant carried the said *Penlez* to New-prison, and there delivered him into custody. And this informant further saith, that he attended the next day before H. Fielding, Esq; one of His Majesty's Justices of the peace for the said county, when the said *Penlez* was examined, and the aforesaid linen was produced by this informant. To wit; ten laced caps, four laced handkerchiefs, three pair of laced ruffles, two laced clouts, five plain handkerchiefs, five plain aprons, and one laced apron, all which the wife of Peter Wood swore to be her property. And this informant saith, that *Penlez* being asked by the justice, how he came by the said linen, answered, he had found them; and could not, or would not give any other account.

The mark of *Sam. Marsh.*
Ed. Fritter.
Rob. Oliver.
John Hoare.

Sworn before me,
H. FIELDING.

Middlesex,
to wit.

Robert Oliver aforesaid further on his oath says, that when *Penlez* was examined before the justice, he solemnly denied that he was in the house of Peter Wood, or near it.

Rob. Oliver.

Sworn before me,
H. FIELDING.

Now upon the whole of this evidence, which I have taken the pains to lay before the public, and which is the evidence of persons entirely disinterested and of undoubted credit, I think it must be granted by every impartial and sensible person:

1. That the riot here under consideration was of a very high and dangerous nature, and far from deserving those light or ludicrous colours which have been cast upon it.

2. That the outrages actually committed by this mob, by demolishing the houses of several people, by cruelly and barbarously misusing their persons, by openly and audaciously burning their goods, by breaking open prisons and rescuing offenders, and by resisting the peace-officers, and those who came to their assistance, were such as no government could justify passing over without some censure and example.

3. That had not Mr. Welch (one of the best officers who was ever concerned in the execution of justice, and to whose care, integrity and bravery the public hath, to my knowledge, the highest obligations) been greatly active in the discharge of his duty; and had he not arrived time enough to prevent the burning of that pile of goods which was heaped up before Wood's

house, the most dreadful consequences must have ensued from this riot. For not to mention the mischiefs which must necessarily have happened from the fire in that narrow part of the town, what must have been the consequence of exposing a banker's shop to the greediness of the rabble? Or what might we have reasonably apprehended from a mob encouraged by such a booty, and made desperate by such atrocious guilt?

4. I think it may be very fairly inferred, that the mob, which had already carried on their riotous proceedings during two successive nights, and who, during the whole day on *Monday*, were in motion all over the town, had they not been alarmed and intimidated by the care of the magistrate, would have again repeated their outrage, as they had threatened on *Monday* night. And had such a riot continued a little longer, no man can, I think, foresee what it might have produced. The cry against bawdy houses might have been easily converted into an out-cry of a very different nature, and goldsmiths might have been considered to be as great a nuisance to the public as whores.

5. The only remaining conclusion which I shall draw, is, that nothing can be more unjust, or indeed more absurd, than the complaint of severity which hath been made on this occasion. If one could derive this silly clamour from malevolence to the government, it might be easily converted into the most delicate of compliments. For surely those must afford very little cause of complaint, whose enemies can find no better object of their censure than this. To say the truth, the government is here injudiciously attacked in its most defensible part. If it be necessary, as some seem to think, to find fault with their superiors, our administration is more liable to the very opposite censure. If I durst presume to look into the royal breast, I might with certainty affirm,

that mercy is there the characteristic. So truly is this benign prince the father of his people, that he is never brought, without paternal reluctance, to suffer the extremity of justice to take place. A most amiable excess, and yet an excess by which, I am afraid, subjects may be as liable to be spoiled as children.

But I am willing to see these clamours in a less culpable light, and to derive them from a much better motive; I mean from a zeal against lewd and disorderly houses. But zeal in this case, as well as in all others, may hurry men too far, and may plunge them headlong into the greater evils, in order to redress the lesser.

And surely this appears to be the case at present, when an animosity against these houses hath made man blind to the clearest light of evidence; and impelled them to fly in the face of truth, of common sense, I might say yet more, and all in the behalf of a licentious, outrageous mob, who, in open defiance of law, justice or mercy, committed the most notorious offences against the persons and properties of their fellow-subjects, and who had undoubtedly incurred the last and highest degree of guilt, had they not been happily and timely prevented.

When I mention this zeal as some kind of excuse or mitigation, I would be understood to apply it only to those persons who have been so weak (at least) to espouse the cause of these malefactors. As to the rioters themselves, I am satisfied they had no such excuse. The clamour against bawdy houses was in them a bare pretence only. Wantonness and cruelty were the motives of most; and some, as it plainly appeared, converted the inhuman disposition of the mob to the very worst of purposes, and became thieves under the pretence of reformation.

How then is it possible for any man in his senses to express a compassion for such offenders, as for men,

who, while they are doing an illegal act, may yet be supposed to act from a laudable motive? I would ask men this question. By whom are these houses frequented and supported? Is it not by the young, the idle, and the dissolute?—This is, I hope, true; no grave zealot will, I am convinced, assert the contrary. Are these then the people to redress the evil? Play-houses have been in a former age reputed a grievance; but did the players rise in a body to demolish them? Gaming-houses are still thought a nuisance; but no man, I believe, hath ever seen a body of gamesters assembled to break them open, and burn their goods. It is indeed possible, that after a bad run of luck they might be very well pleased with an opportunity of stealing them.

The nuisance which bawdy houses are to the public, and how far it is interested in suppressing them, is not our present consideration. The law clearly considers them as a nuisance, and hath appointed a remedy against them; and this remedy it is in the power of every man who desires it to apply. But surely it will not be wished by any sober man, that open illegal force and violence should be with impunity used to remove this nuisance; and that the mob should have an uncontrolled jurisdiction in this case. When, by our excellent constitution, the greatest subject, no, not even the King himself, can, without a lawful trial and conviction, divest the meanest man of his property, deprive him of his liberty, or attack him in his person; shall we suffer a licentious rabble to be accuser, judge, jury, and executioner; to inflict corporal punishment, break open men's doors, plunder their houses, and burn their goods? I am ashamed to proceed further in a case so plain, where the absurdity is so monstrous, and where the consequences are so obvious and terrible.

As to the case of the sufferer, I shall make no remarks.

Whatever was the man's guilt, he hath made all the atonement which the law requires, or could be exacted of him; and though the popular clamour made it necessary to publish the above depositions, nothing shall come from me to add to, or to aggravate them.

If, after perusing the evidence which I have here produced, there should remain any private compassion in the breast of the reader, far be it from me to endeavour to remove it. I hope I have said enough to prove that this was such a riot as called for some example, and that the man who was made that example deserved his fate. Which, if he did, I think it will follow, that more hath been said * and done in his favour than ought to have been; and that the clamour of severity against the government hath been in the highest degree unjustifiable.

To say truth (as I have before hinted) it would be more difficult to justify the lenity used on this occasion. The first and second day of this riot, no magistrate, nor any other higher peace officer than a petty constable (save only Mr. Welch) interfered with it. On the third day, only one magistrate took upon him to act. When the prisoners were committed to Newgate, no public prosecution was for some time ordered against them; and when it was ordered, it was carried on so mildly, that one of the prisoners (Wilson) being sick in prison, was, though contrary to law, at the desire of a noble person in great power, bailed out, when a capital indictment was then found against him. At the trial, neither the attorney- nor solicitor-general, nor even one of the King's council, appeared against the prisoners. Lastly, when two were convicted, one only was executed: and I doubt very much whether even he would have suffered, had it not

* He was buried by a private subscription, but not at the public expense of the parish of St. Clement Danes, as hath been falsely asserted.

appeared that a capital indictment † for burglary was likewise found by the grand jury against him, and upon such evidence as I think every impartial man must allow would have convicted him (had he been tried) of felony at least.

Thus I have finished this ungrateful task, which I thought it the more incumbent on me to undertake, as the real truth of this case, from the circumstance mentioned at the bottom of this page, was known only to myself, and a very few more. This I thought it my duty to lay before some very noble persons, in order to make some distinction between the two condemned prisoners, in favour of Wilson, whose case to me seemed to be the object of true compassion. And I flatter myself that it might be a little owing to my representation, that the distinction between an object of mercy, and an object of justice at last prevailed, to my satisfaction, I own entirely, and I hope, now at last, to that of the public.

* Upon this indictment he was arraigned, but as the judge said as he was already capitally convicted for the same fact, though of a different offence, there was no occasion of trying him again; by which means the evidence which I have above produced, and which the prosecutor reserved to give on this indictment, was never heard at the Old Bailey, nor in the least known to the public.

PREFACE

TO THE

MISCELLANIES AND POEMS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

PREFACE.

THE volumes I now present the public consist, as their title indicates, of various matter; treating of subjects which bear not the least relation to each other, and perhaps, what *Martial* says of his epigrams, may be applicable to these several productions.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala PLURA.

At least, if the *bona* be denied me, I shall, I apprehend, be allowed the other two.

The poetical pieces which compose the first part of the first volume were most of them written when I was very young, and are indeed productions of the heart rather than of the head. If the good-natured reader thinks them tolerable, it will answer my warmest hopes. This branch of writing is what I very little pretend to, and will appear to have been very little my pursuit, since I think (one or two poems excepted) I have here presented my reader with all I could remember, or procure copies of.

My modernization of part of the sixth satire of *Juvenal* will, I hope, give no offence to that half of our species, for whom I have the greatest respect and tenderness. It was originally sketched out before I was twenty, and was all the revenge taken by an injured lover. For my part, I am much more inclined to panegyric on that amiable sex, which I have always thought treated with

a very unjust severity by ours, who censure them for faults (if they are truly such) into which we allure and betray them, and of which we ourselves, with an unblamed licence, enjoy the most delicious fruits.

As to the *Essay on Conversation*, however it may be executed, my design in it will be at least allowed good; being to ridicule out of society one of the most pernicious evils which attends it, viz., pampering the gross appetites of selfishness and ill-nature with the shame and disquietude of others; whereas I have endeavoured in it to show, that true good-breeding consists in contributing, with our utmost power, to the satisfaction and happiness of all about us.

In my Essay on *the Knowledge of the Characters of Men*, I have endeavoured to expose a second great evil, namely, hypocrisy; the bane of all virtue, morality, and goodness; and to arm, as well as I can, the honest, undesigning, open-hearted man, who is generally the prey of this monster, against it. I believe a little reflection will convince us, that most mischiefs (especially those which fall on the worthiest part of mankind) owe their original to this detestable vice.

I shall pass over the remaining part of this volume, to the *Journey from this World to the next*, which fills the greatest share of the second.

It would be paying a very mean compliment to the human understanding, to suppose I am under any necessity of vindicating myself from designing, in an allegory of this kind, to oppose any present system, or to erect a new one of my own: but perhaps the fault may lie rather in the heart than in the head; and I may be misrepresented, without being misunderstood. If there are any such men, I am sorry for it; the good-natured reader will not, I believe, want any assistance from me to disappoint their malice.

Others may (and that with greater colour) arraign my ignorance; as I have, in the relation which I have put into the mouth of *Julian*, whom they call the Apostate, done many violences to history, and mixed truth and falsehood with much freedom. To these I answer. I profess fiction only; and though I have chosen some facts out of history to embellish my work, and fix a chronology to it, I have not, however, confined myself to nice exactness; having often ante-dated, and sometimes post-dated the matter I have found in the historian, particularly in the *Spanish* history, where I take both these liberties in one story.

The residue of this volume is filled with two dramatic pieces, both the productions of my youth, although the latter was not acted until this season. It was the third dramatic performance I ever attempted; the parts of *Millamour* and *Charlotte* being originally intended for *Mr. Wilks* and *Mrs. Oldfield*; but the latter died before it was finished; and a slight pique which happened between me and the former, prevented him from ever seeing it. The play was read to *Mr. Rich* upwards of twelve years since, in the presence of a very eminent physician of this age, who will bear me testimony, that I did not recommend my performance with the usual warmth of an author. Indeed I never thought, until this season, that there existed on any one stage, since the death of that great actor and actress above mentioned, any two persons capable of supplying their loss in those parts: for characters of this kind do, of all others, require most support from the actor, and lend the least assistance to him.

From the time of its being read to *Mr. Rich*, it lay by me neglected and unthought of, until this winter, when it visited the stage in the following manner.

Mr. Garrick, whose abilities as an actor will, I hope,

rouse up better writers for the stage than myself, asked me one evening, if I had any play by me; telling me he was desirous of appearing in a new part. I answered him I had one almost finished; but I conceived it so little the manager's interest to produce anything new on his stage this season, that I should not think of offering it him, as I apprehended he would find some excuse to refuse me, and adhere to the theatrical politics, of never introducing new plays on the stage, but when driven to it by absolute necessity.

Mr. Garrick's reply to this was so warm and friendly, that, as I was full as desirous of putting words into his mouth, as he could appear to be of speaking them, I mentioned the play the very next morning to *Mr. Fleetwood*, who embraced my proposal so heartily, that an appointment was immediately made to read it to the actors who were principally to be concerned in it.

When I came to revise this play, which had likewise lain by me some years, though formed on a much better plan, and at an age when I was much more equal to the task, than the former; I found I had allowed myself too little time for the perfecting it; but I was resolved to execute my promise, and accordingly, at the appointed day, I produced five acts, which were entitled, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

Besides, that this play appeared to me, on the reading, to be less completely finished than I thought its plan deserved; there was another reason which dissuaded me from bringing it on the stage as it then stood, and this was, that the very actor on whose account I had principally been inclined to have it represented, had a very inconsiderable part in it.

Notwithstanding my private opinion, of which I then gave no intimation, *The Good-natured Man* was received, and ordered to be written into parts, *Mr. Garrick* pro-

fessing himself very ready to perform his; but as I remained dissatisfied, for the reasons above mentioned, I now recollected my other play, in which I remembered there was a character I had originally intended for *Mr. Wilks.*

Upon perusal, I found this character was preserved with some little spirit, and (what I thought would be a great recommendation to the audience) would keep their so justly favourite actor almost eternally before their eyes. I apprehended (in which I was not deceived) that he would make so surprising a figure in this character, and exhibit talents so long unknown to the theatre, that, as hath happened in other plays, the audience might be blinded to the faults of the piece, for many I saw it had, and some very difficult to cure.

I accordingly sat down with a resolution to work night and day during the short time allowed me, which was about a week, in altering and correcting this production of my more juvenile years; when unfortunately, the extreme danger of life into which a person, very dear to me, was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my task.

To this accident alone, I have the vanity to apprehend, the play owes most of the glaring faults with which it appeared. However, I resolved rather to let it take its chance, imperfect as it was, with the assistance of *Mr. Garrick*, than to sacrifice a more favourite, and in the opinion of others, a much more valuable performance, and which could have had very little assistance from him.

I then acquainted *Mr. Garrick* with my design, and read it to him, and *Mr. Macklin*; *Mr. Fleetwood* agreed to the exchange, and thus the WEDDING DAY was destined to the stage.

Perhaps it may be asked me, why then did I suffer a piece, which I myself knew was imperfect, to appear? I

answer honestly and freely, that reputation was not my inducement; and that I hoped, faulty as it was, it might answer a much more solid, and in my unhappy situation, a much more urgent motive. If it will give my enemies any pleasure to know that they totally frustrated my views, I will be kinder to them, and give them a satisfaction which they denied me; for though it was acted six nights, I received not 50*l.* from the house for it.

This was indeed chiefly owing to a general rumour spread of its indecency; which originally arose, I believe, from some objections of the licenser, who had been very unjustly censured for being too remiss in his restraints on that head; but as every passage which he objected to was struck out, and I sincerely think very properly so, I leave to every impartial judge to decide, whether the play, as it was acted, was not rather freer from such imputation than almost any other comedy on the stage. However, this opinion prevailed so fatally without doors, during its representation, that on the sixth night there were not above five ladies present in the boxes.

But I shall say no more of this comedy here, as I intend to introduce it the ensuing season, and with such alterations as will, I hope, remove every objection to it, and may make the manager some amends for what he lost by very honourably continuing its representation, when he might have got much more by acting other plays.

I come now to the third and last volume, which contains the History of *Jonathan Wild*. And here it will not, I apprehend, be necessary to acquaint my reader, that my design is not to enter the lists with that excellent historian, who from authentic papers and records, &c., hath already given so satisfactory an account of the life and actions of this great man. I have not indeed the least intention to depreciate the veracity and

impartiality of that history; nor do I pretend to any of those lights, not having, to my knowledge, ever seen a single paper relating to my hero, save some short memoirs, which about the time of his death were published in certain chronicles called newspapers, the authority of which hath been sometimes questioned, and in the Ordinary of *Newgate* his account, which generally contains a more particular relation of what the heroes are to suffer in the next world, than of what they did in this.

To confess the truth, my narrative is rather of such actions which he might have performed, or would, or should have performed, than what he really did; and may, in reality, as well suit any other such great man, as the person himself whose name it bears.

A second caution I would give my reader is, that as it is not a very faithful portrait of *Jonathan Wild* himself, so neither is it intended to represent the features of any other person. Roguery, and not a rogue, is my subject; and as I have been so far from endeavouring to particularize any individual, that I have with my utmost art avoided it; so will any such application be unfair in my reader, especially if he knows much of the great world, since he must then be acquainted, I believe, with more than one on whom he can fix the resemblance.

In the third place, I solemnly protest, I do by no means intend in the character of my hero to represent human nature in general. Such insinuations must be attended with very dreadful conclusions; nor do I see any other tendency they can naturally have, but to encourage and soothe men in their villanies, and to make every well-disposed man disclaim his own species, and curse the hour of his birth into such a society. For my part, I understand those writers who describe

human nature in this depraved character, as speaking only of such persons as *Wild* and his gang; and I think it may be justly inferred, that they do not find in their own bosoms any deviation from the general rule. Indeed it would be an insufferable vanity in them to conceive themselves as the only exception to it.

But without considering *Newgate* as no other than human nature with its mask off, which some very shameless writers have done, a thought which no price should purchase me to entertain, I think we may be excused for suspecting, that the splendid palaces of the great are often no other than *Newgate* with the mask on. Nor do I know anything which can raise an honest man's indignation higher than that the same morals should be in one place attended with all imaginable misery and infamy, and in the other, with the highest luxury and honour. Let any impartial man in his senses be asked, for which of these two places a composition of cruelty, lust, avarice, rapine, insolence, hypocrisy, fraud and treachery, was best fitted, surely his answer must be certain and immediate; and yet I am afraid all these ingredients, glossed over with wealth and a title, have been treated with the highest respect and veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the gallows in the other.

If there are then any men of such morals who dare to call themselves great, and are so reputed, or called at least, by the deceived multitude, surely a little private censure by the few is a very moderate tax for them to pay, provided no more was to be demanded: but I fear this is not the case. However the glare of riches, and awe of title, may dazzle and terrify the vulgar; nay, however hypocrisy may deceive the more discerning, there is still a judge in every man's breast, which none can cheat nor corrupt, though perhaps it is the only un-

corrupt thing about him. And yet, inflexible and honest as this judge is (however polluted the bench be on which he sits) no man can, in my opinion, enjoy any applause which is not thus adjudged to be his due.

Nothing seems to me more preposterous than that, while the way to true honour lies so open and plain, men should seek false by such perverse and rugged paths: that while it is so easy and safe, and truly honourable, to be good, men should wade through difficulty and danger, and real infamy, to be *great*, or, to use a synonymous word, *villains*.

Nor hath goodness less advantage in the article of pleasure, than of honour over this kind of greatness. The same righteous judge always annexes a bitter anxiety to the purchases of guilt, whilst it adds a double sweetness to the enjoyments of innocence and virtue: for fear, which all the wise agree is the most wretched of human evils, is, in some degree, always attending on the former, and never can in any manner molest the happiness of the latter.

This is the doctrine which I have endeavoured to inculcate in this history, confining myself at the same time within the rules of probability. (For except in one chapter, which is visibly meant as a burlesque on the extravagant accounts of travellers, I believe I have not exceeded it.) And though perhaps it sometimes happens, contrary to the instances I have given, that the villain succeeds in his pursuit, and acquires some transitory imperfect honour or pleasure to himself for his iniquity; yet I believe he oftener shares the fate of my hero, and suffers the punishment, without obtaining the reward.

As I believe it is not easy to teach a more useful lesson than this, if I have been able to add the pleasant to it, I might flatter myself with having carried every point.

But perhaps some apology may be required of me, for

having used the word *greatness* to which the world hath affixed such honourable ideas, in so disgraceful and contemptuous a light. Now if the fact be, that the greatness which is commonly worshipped is really of that kind which I have here represented, the fault seems rather to lie in those who have ascribed to it those honours, to which it hath not in reality the least claim.

The truth, I apprehend, is, we often confound the ideas of goodness and greatness together, or rather include the former in our idea of the latter. If this be so, it is surely a great error, and no less than a mistake of the capacity for the will. In reality, no qualities can be more distinct: for as it cannot be doubted but that benevolence, honour, honesty, and charity, make a good man; and that parts, courage, are the efficient qualities of a great man, so must it be confessed, that the ingredients which compose the former of these characters bear no analogy to, nor dependence on, those which constitute the latter. A man may therefore be great without being good, or good without being great.

However, though the one bear no necessary dependence on the other, neither is there any absolute repugnancy among them which may totally prevent their union so that they may, though not of necessity, assemble in the same mind, as they actually did, and all in the highest degree, in those of *Socrates* and *Brutus;* and perhaps in some among us. I at least know one to whom Nature could have added no one great or good quality more than she hath bestowed on him.

Here then appear three distinct characters; the great, the good, and the great and good.

The last of these is the *true sublime* in human nature. That elevation by which the soul of man, raising and extending itself above the order of this creation, and brightened with a certain ray of divinity, looks down on

the condition of mortals. This is indeed a glorious object, on which we can never gaze with too much praise and admiration. A perfect work! the Iliad of Nature! ravishing and astonishing, and which at once fills us with love, wonder, and delight.

The second falls greatly short of this perfection, and yet hath its merit. Our wonder ceases; our delight is lessened; but our love remains; of which passion, goodness hath always appeared to me the only true and proper object. On this head I think proper to observe, that I do not conceive my good man to be absolutely a fool or a coward; but that he often partakes too little of parts or courage to have any pretensions to greatness.

Now as to that greatness which is totally devoid of goodness, it seems to me in nature to resemble the *false sublime* in poetry; whose bombast is, by the ignorant and ill-judging vulgar, often mistaken for solid wit and eloquence, whilst it is in effect the very reverse. Thus pride, ostentation, insolence, cruelty, and every kind of villainy, are often construed into true greatness of mind, in which we always include an idea of goodness.

This bombast greatness then is the character I intend to expose; and the more this prevails in and deceives the world, taking to itself not only riches and power, but often honour, or at least the shadow of it, the more necessary is it to strip the monster of these false colours, and show it in its native deformity: for by suffering vice to possess the reward of virtue, we do a double injury to society, by encouraging the former, and taking away the chief incentive to the latter. Nay, though it is, I believe, impossible to give vice a true relish of honour and glory, or, though we give it riches and power, to give it the enjoyment of them, yet it contaminates the food it can't taste, and sullies the robe

which neither fits nor becomes it, till virtue disdains them both.

Thus have I given some short account of these works. I come now to return thanks to those friends who have with uncommon pains forwarded this subscription: for though the number of my subscribers be more proportioned to my merit, than their desire or expectation, yet I believe I owe not a tenth part to my own interest. My obligations on this head are so many, that for fear of offending any by preference, I will name none. Nor is it indeed necessary, since I am convinced they served me with no desire for a public acknowledgment; nor can I make any to some of them, equal with the gratitude of my sentiments.

I cannot, however, forbear mentioning my sense of the friendship shewn me by a profession of which I am a late and unworthy member, and from whose assistance I derive more than half the names which appear to this subscription.

It remains that I make some apology for the delay in publishing these volumes, the real reason of which was, the dangerous illness of one from whom I draw all the solid comfort of my life, during the greatest part of this winter. This, as it is most sacredly true, so will it, I doubt not, sufficiently excuse the delay to all who know me.

Indeed when I look a year or two backwards, and survey the accidents which have befallen me, and the distresses I have waded through whilst I have been engaged in these works, I could almost challenge some philosophy to myself, for having been able to finish them as I have; and however imperfectly that may be, I am convinced the reader, was he acquainted with the whole, would want very little good-nature to extinguish his disdain at any faults he meets with.

But this hath dropped from me unawares: for I intend not to entertain my reader with my private history: nor am I fond enough of tragedy to make myself the hero of one.

However, as I have been very unjustly censured, as well on account of what I have not written, as for what I have, I take this opportunity to declare in the most solemn manner, I have long since (as long as from *June*, 1741) desisted from writing one syllable in the *Champion*, or any other public paper; and that I never was, nor will be, the author of anonymous scandal on the private history or family of any person whatever.

Indeed there is no man who speaks or thinks with more detestation of the modern custom of libelling. I look on the practice of stabbing a man's character in the dark, to be as base and as barbarous as that of stabbing him with a poignard in the same manner; nor have I ever been once in my life guilty of it.

It is not here, I suppose, necessary to distinguish between ridicule and scurrility; between a jest on a public character, and the murther of a private one.

My reader will pardon my having dwelt a little on this particular, since it is so especially necessary in this age, when almost all the wit we have is applied this way; and when I have already been a martyr to such unjust suspicion. Of which I will relate one instance. While I was last winter laid up in the gout, with a favourite child dying in one bed, and my wife in a condition very little better on another, attended with other circumstances, which served as very proper decorations to such a scene, I received a letter from a friend, desiring me to vindicate myself from two very opposite reflections, which two opposite parties thought fit to cast on me, viz., the one of writing in the *Champion* (though I had not then written in it for upwards of half a year), the

other, of writing in the *Gazetteer*, in which I never had the honour of inserting a single word.

To defend myself therefore as well as I can from all past, and to enter a caveat against all future, censure of this kind, I once more solemnly declare, that since the end of *June*, 1741, I have not, besides *Joseph Andrews*, published one word, except *The Opposition, a Vision. A Defence of the Dutchess of Marlborough's Book. Miss Lucy in Town* (in which I had a very small share). And I do farther protest, that I will never hereafter publish any book or pamphlet whatever, to which I will not put my name. A promise which, as I shall sacredly keep, so will it, I hope, be so far believed, that I may henceforth receive no more praise or censure, to which I have not the least title.

And now, my good-natured reader, recommending my works to your candour, I bid you heartily farewell; and take this with you, that you may never be interrupted in the reading these Miscellanies with that degree of heartache which hath often discomposed me in the writing them.

OF

TRUE GREATNESS.

AN EPISTLE TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE DODINGTON, ESQ.

OF

TRUE GREATNESS.

AN EPISTLE TO

GEORGE DODINGTON, ESQ.

'Tis strange, while all to greatness homage pay,
So few should know the goddess they obey.
That men should think a thousand things the same,
And give contending images one name.
Not *Greece*, in all her temples' wide abodes,
Held a more wild democracy of Gods
Than various deities we serve, while all
Profess before one common shrine to fall.

Whether ourselves of greatness are possess'd,
Or worship it within another's breast.

While a mean crowd of sycophants attend,
And fawn and flatter, creep and cringe and bend;
The fav'rite blesses his superior state,
Rises o'er all, and hails himself the great.
Vain man! can such as these to greatness raise?
Can honour come from dirt? from baseness, praise?
Then *India's* gem on *Scotland's* coast shall shine,
And the *Peruvian* ore enrich the *Cornish* mine.

Behold, in blooming *May*, the May-pole stand,
Dress'd out in garlands by the peasant's hand;
Around it dance the youth, in mirthful mood;
And all admire the gaudy, dress'd up wood.
See, the next day, of all its pride bereft,
How soon the unreguarded post is left.
So thou, the wonder of a longer day,
Rais'd high on pow'r, and dressed in titles, gay,
Stripp'd of these summer garlands, soon would'st see
The mercenary slaves ador'd, not thee;
Would'st see them thronging thy successor's gate,
Shadows of power, and properties of state.
As the sun insects, pow'r court-friends begets,
Which wanton in its beams, and vanish as it sets.

Thy highest pomp the hermit dares despise,
Greatness (cries this) is to be good and wise.
To titles, treasures, luxury and show,
The gilded follies of mankind, a foe.
He flies society, to wilds resorts,
And rails at busy cities, splendid courts.
Great to himself, he in his cell appears,
As kings on thrones, or conquerors on cars.

O thou, that dar'st thus proudly scorn thy kind,
Search, with impartial scrutiny, thy mind;
Disdaining outward flatterers to win,
Dost thou not feed a flatterer within?
While other passions temperance may guide,
Feast not with too delicious meals thy pride.
On vice triumphant while thy censures fall,
Be sure no envy mixes with thy gall.
Ask thyself oft, to pow'r and grandeur born,
Had pow'r and grandeur then incurr'd thy scorn?

If no ill-nature in thy breast prevails,
Enjoying all the crimes at which it rails?
A peevish sour perverseness of the will,
Oft we miscall antipathy to ill.

Scorn and disdain the little *cynic* hurl'd
At the exulting victor of the world.
Greater than this what soul can be descried?
His who contemns the *cynic's* snarling pride.
Well might the haughty son of *Philip* see
Ambition's second lot devolve on thee;
Whose breast pride fires with scarce inferior joy,
And bids thee hate and shun men, him destroy.

But had'st thou, *Alexander*, wish'd to prove
Thyself the real progeny of *Jove*,
Virtue another path had bid thee find,
Taught thee to save, and not to slay, mankind.

Shall the lean wolf, by hunger fierce and bold,
Bear off no honours from the bloody fold?
Shall the dead flock his greatness not display;
But shepherds hunt him as a beast of prey?
While man, not drove by hunger from his den,
To honour climbs o'er heaps of murder'd men.
Shall ravag'd fields and burning towns proclaim
The hero's glory, not the robber's shame?
Shall thousands fall, and millions be undone,
To glut the hungry cruelty of one?

Behold, the plain with human gore grow red,
The swelling river heave along the dead.
See, through the breach the hostile deluge flow,
Along it bears the unresisting foe:

Hear, in each street the wretched virgin's cries,
Her lover sees her ravish'd as he dies.
The infant wonders at its mother's tears,
And smiling feels its fate before its fears.
Age, while in vain for the first blow it calls,
Views all its branches lopp'd before it falls.
Beauty betrays the mistress it should guard,
And, faithless, proves the ravisher's reward:
Death, their sole friend, relieves them from their ills,
Their kindest victor he, who soonest kills.

Could such exploits as these thy pride create?
Could these, O *Philip's* Son, proclaim thee Great?
Such honours *Mahomet* expiring crav'd,
Such were the trophies on his tomb engrav'd.
If greatness by these means may be possess'd,
Ill we deny it to the greater beast.
Single and arm'd by nature only, he
That mischief does, which thousands do for thee.

Not on such wings to fame did *Churchill* soar,
For *Europe* while defensive arms he bore.
Whose conquests, cheap at all the blood they cost,
Sav'd millions by each noble life they lost.

Oh, name august! in capitals of gold,
In fame's eternal chronicle enroll'd!
Where *Cæsar*, viewing thee, asham'd withdraws,
And owns thee greater in a greater cause.
Thee, from the lowest depth of time, on high
Blazing, shall late posterity descry;
And own the purchase of thy glorious pains,
While Liberty, or while her name, remains.

But quit, great sir, with me this higher scene,
And view false greatness with more awkward mien,
For now, from camps to colleges retreat;
No cell, no closet here without the great.
See, how pride swells the haughty pedant's looks;
How pleas'd he smiles o'er heaps of conquer'd books.
Tully to him, and *Seneca*, are known,
And all their noblest sentiments his own.
These, on each apt occasion, he can quote;
Thus the false count affects the man of note,
Awkward and shapeless in a borrow'd coat.

Thro' books some travel, as thro' nations some,
Proud of their voyage, yet bring nothing home.
Critics thro' books, as beaus thro' countries stray,
Certain to bring their blemishes away.

Great is the man, who with unwearied toil
Spies a weed springing in the richest soil.
If *Dryden's* page with one bad line be bless'd,
'Tis great to show it, as to write the rest.

Others, with friendly eye run authors o'er,
Not to find faults, but beauties to restore;
Nor scruple (such their bounty) to afford
Folios of dulness to preserve a word:
Close, as to some tall tree the insect cleaves,
Myriads still nourish'd by its smallest leaves.
So cling these scribblers round a *Virgil's* name,
And on his least of beauties soar to fame.

Awake, ye useless drones, and scorn to thrive
On the sweets gather'd by the lab'ring hive.
Behold, the merchant give to thousands food,
His loss his own, his gain the public good.

Her various bounties Nature still confines,
Here gilds her sands, there silvers o'er her mines:
The merchant's bounty Nature hath outdone,
He gives to all, what she confines to one.
And is he then not great? *Sir B.* denies
True greatness to the creature whom he buys:
Blush the wretch wounded, conscious of his guile,
B—nard and *H—cote* at such satire smile.

But if a merchant lives, who meanly deigns
To sacrifice his country to his gains,
Tho' from his house, untrusted and unfed,
The poet bears off neither wine nor bread;
As down *Cheapside* he meditates the song,
He ranks that merchant with the meanest throng.
Nor him the poet's pride contemns alone,
But all to whom the muses are unknown.
These, cries the bard, true honours can bestow,
And separate true worth from outward show;
Sceptres and crowns by them grow glorious things
(For tho' they make not, they distinguish kings).
Short-liv'd the gifts which kings to them bequeath;
Bards only give the never-fading wreath.
Did all our annals no *Argyle* afford,
The muse constrain'd could sing a common lord.
But should the muse withhold her friendly strain,
The hero's glory blossoms fair in vain;
Like the young spring's, or summer's riper flow'r,
The admiration of the present hour.
She gleans from death's sure scythe the noble name,
And lays up in the granaries of fame.
Thus the great tatter'd bard, as thro' the streets
He cautious treads, lest any bailiff meets.
Whose wretched plight the jest of all is made;
Yet most, if hapless, it betray his trade.

Fools in their laugh at poets are sincere,
And wiser men admire them thro' a sneer.
For poetry with treason shares this fate,
Men like the poem and the poet hate.
And yet with want and with contempt oppress'd,
Shunn'd, hated, mock'd, at once men's scorn and jest,
Perhaps from wholesome air itself confin'd,
Who hopes to drive out greatness from his mind?

Some greatness in myself perhaps I view;
Not that I write, but that I write to you.

To you! who in this *Gothic* leaden age,
When wit is banish'd from the press and stage,
When fools to greater folly make pretence,
And those who have it seem asham'd of sense;
When nonsense is a term for the sublime,
And not to be an idiot is a crime;
When low buffoons in ridicule succeed,
And men are largely for such writings fee'd,
As *W*——'s self can purchase none to read;
Yourself th' unfashionable lyre have strung,
Have own'd the muses and their darling *Young*.

All court their favour when by all approv'd;
Ev'n virtue, if in fashion, would be lov'd.
You for their sakes with fashion dare engage,
Mœcenas you in no *Augustan* age.

Some merit then is to the muses due;
But oh! their smiles the portion of how few!
Tho' friends may flatter much, and more ourselves,
Few, *Dodington*, write worthy of your shelves.
Not to a song which *Cœlia's* smiles make fine,
Nor play which *Booth* had made esteem'd divine;

To no rude satire from ill-nature sprung,
Nor panegyric for a pension sung;
Not to soft lines that gently glide along,
And vie in sound and sense with *Handel's* song;
To none of these will *Dodington* bequeath
The poet's noble name and laureate wreath.

Leave, scribblers, leave the tuneful road to fame,
Nor by assuming damn a poet's name.
Yet how unjustly we the muses slight,
Unstirr'd by them because a thousand write!
Who would a soldier or a judge upbraid,
* That —— wore ermine, —— a cockade.

To greatness each pretender to pursue,
Would tire, great sir, the jaded muse and you.

The lowest beau that skips about a court,
The lady's plaything, and the footman's sport;
Whose head adorn'd with bag or tail of pig,
Serves very well to bear about his wig; †
Himself the sign-post of his tailor's trade,
That shows abroad, how well his clothes are made;
This little, empty, silly, trifling toy,
Can from ambition feel a kind of joy;
Can swell, and even aim at looking wise,
And walking merit from *its* chair despise.

Who wonders, then, if such a thing as this
At greatness aims, that none the aim can miss!

* This verse may be filled up with any two names out of our Chronicles, as the reader shall think fit.

† These verses attempt (if possible) to imitate the meanness of the creature they describe.

Nor trade so low, profession useless, thrives,
Which to its followers not greatness gives.
What quality so mean, what vice can shame
The base possessors from the mighty claim?
To make our merits little weight prevail,
We put not virtue in the other scale;
Against our neighbour's scale our own we press,
And each man's great who finds another less.
In large dominions some exert their state,
But all men find a corner to be great.
The lowest lawyer, parson, courtier, squire,
Is somewhere great, finds some that will admire.

Where shall we say then that true greatness dwells?
In palaces of kings, or hermits' cells?
Does she confirm the minister's mock-state,
Or bloody on the victor's garland wait?
Warbles, harmonious, she the poet's song,
Or, graver, laws pronounces to the throng?

To no profession, party, place confin'd,
True greatness lives but in the noble mind;
Him constant through each various scene attends,
Fierce to his foes, and faithful to his friends.
In him, in any sphere of life she shines,
Whether she blaze a *Hoadley* 'mid divines,
Or, an *Argyle*, in fields and senates dare,
Supreme in all the arts of peace and war.
Greatness with learning deck'd in *Carteret* see,
With justice, and with clemency in *Lee;*
In *Chesterfield* to ripe perfection come,
See it in *Littleton* beyond its bloom.

Lives there a man, by nature form'd to please,
To think with dignity, express with ease;

Upright in principle, in council strong,
Prone not to change, nor obstinate too long:
Whose soul is with such various talents bless'd,
What he now does seems to become him best;
Whether the Cabinet demands his pow'rs,
Or gay addresses soothe his vacant hours,
Or when from graver tasks his mind unbends,
To charm with wit the muses or his friends.
His friends! who in his favour claim no place,
From titles, pimping, flattery or lace,
To whose blest lot superior portions fall,
To most of fortune, and of taste to all.
Aw'd not by fear, by prejudice not sway'd,
By fashion led not, nor by whim betray'd,
By candour only biass'd, who shall dare
To view and judge and speak men as they are?
In him (if such there be) is greatness shewn,
Nor can he be to *Dodington* unknown.

OF

GOOD-NATURE.

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

What is good-nature? Gen'rous *Richmond*, tell;
He can declare it best, who best can feel.
Is it a foolish weakness in the breast,
As some who know, or have it not, contest?
Or is it rather not the mighty whole,
Full composition of a virtuous soul?
Is it not virtue's self? A flower so fine,
It only grows in soils almost divine.

Some virtues flourish, like some plants, less nice,
And in one nature blossom out with vice.
Knaves may be valiant, villains may be friends;
And love in minds deprav'd effect its ends.
Good-nature, like the delicatest seeds.
Or dies itself, or else extirpates weeds.

Yet in itself, howe'er unmix'd and pure,
No virtue from mistakes is less secure.
Good-nature often we those actions name,
Which flow from friendship, or a softer flame.

Pride may the friend to noblest efforts thrust,
Or savages grow gentle out of lust.
The meanest passion may the best appear,
And men may seem good-natur'd from their fear.

What by this name, then, shall be understood ?
What ? but the glorious lust of doing good ?
The heart that finds its happiness to please
Can feel another's pain, and taste his ease.
The cheek that with another's joy can glow,
Turn pale and sicken with another's woe ;
Free from contempt and envy, he who deems
Justly of life's two opposite extremes.
Who to make all and each man truly bless'd
Doth all he can and wishes all the rest ?

Tho' few have pow'r their wishes to fulfil,
Yet all men may do good, at least in will.
Tho' few, with you or *Marlborough*, can save
From poverty, from prisons, and the grave ;
Yet to each individual heav'n affords
The pow'r to bless in wishes, and in words.

Happy the man with passions bless'd like you,
Who to be ill, his nature must subdue.
Whom fortune fav'ring, was no longer blind,
Whose riches are the treasures of mankind.
O ! nobler in thy virtues than thy blood,
Above thy highest titles place THE GOOD.

High on life's summit rais'd, you little know
The ills which blacken all the vales below ;
Where industry toils for support in vain,
And virtue to distress still joins disdain.

Swelt'ring with wealth, where men unmov'd can hear
The orphans sigh, and see the widow's tear;
Where griping av'rice slights the debtor's pray'r,
And wretches wanting bread deprives of air.

Must it not wond'rous seem to hearts like thine,
That God, to other animals benign,
Should unprovided man alone create,
And send him hither but to curse his fate!
Is this the being for whose use the earth
Sprung out of nought, and animals had birth?
This he, whose bold imagination dares
Converse with heav'n, and soar beyond the stars?
Poor reptile! wretched in an angel's form,
And wanting that which Nature gives the worm.

Far other views our kind Creator knew,
When man the image of himself he drew.

So full the stream of Nature's bounty flows,
Man feels no ill, but what to man he owes.
The earth abundant furnishes a store,
To sate the rich, and satisfy the poor.
These would not want, if those did never hoard;
Enough for *Irus* falls from *Dives*' board.

And dost thou, common son of Nature, dare
From thy own brother to withhold his share?
To vanity, pale idol, offer up
The shining dish, and empty golden cup!
Or else in caverns hide thy precious ore,
And to the bowels of the earth restore
What for our use she yielded up before?

Behold, and take example, how the steed
Attempts not, selfish, to engross the mead.
See how the lowing herd, and bleating flock,
Promiscuous graze the valley, or the rock ;
Each tastes his share of Nature's gen'ral good,
Nor strives from others to withhold their food.
But say, O man ! would it not strange appear
To see some beast (perhaps the meanest there)
To his repast the sweetest pastures choose,
And ev'n the sourest to the rest refuse.
Would'st thou not view, with scornful wond'ring eye,
The poor, contented, starving herd stand by ?
All to one beast a servile homage pay,
And boasting, think it honour to obey.

Who wonders that good-nature in so few,
Can anger, lust, or avarice subdue ?
When the cheap gift of fame our tongues deny,
And risk our own, to poison with a lie.

Dwells there a base malignity in men,
That 'scapes the tiger's cave, or lion's den ?
Does our fear dread, or does our envy hate,
To see another happy, good, or great ?
Or does the gift of fame, like money, seem ?
Think we we lose, whene'er we give, esteem ?

Oh ! great humanity, whose beams benign,
Like the sun's rays, on just and unjust shine ;
Who turning the perspective friendly still,
Dost magnify all good, and lessen ill ;
Whose eye, while small perfections it commends,
Not to what's better, but what's worse attends :

Who, when at court it spies some well-shaped fair,
Searches not through the rooms for *Shaftsb'ry's* air;
Nor when *Clarinda's* lilies are confess'd,
Looks for the snow that whitens *Richmond's* breast.
Another's sense and goodness when I name,
Why wouldst thou lessen them with *Mountford's* fame?
Content, what Nature lavishes admire,
Nor what is wanting in each piece require.
Where much is right some blemishes afford,
Now look for *Ch———d* in every lord.

LIBERTY.

TO

GEORGE LYTTLETON, ESQ.

To *Lyttleton* the muse this off'ring pays;
Who sings of liberty, must sing his praise.
This man, ye grateful *Britons*, all revere;
Here raise your altars, bring your incense here.
To him the praise, the blessings which ye owe,
More than their sires your grateful sons shall know.
O! for thy country's good and glory born!
Whom nature vied with fortune to adorn!
Brave, tho' no soldier; without titles, great;
Fear'd, without pow'r; and envied, without state.
Accept the muse whom truth inspires to sing,
Who soars, tho' weakly, on an honest wing.

See Liberty, bright goddess, comes along,
Rais'd at thy name, she animates the song.
Thy name, which *Lacedemon* had approv'd,
Rome had ador'd, and *Brutus*' self had lov'd.

Come, then, bright maid, my glowing breast inspire;
Breathe in my lines, and kindle all thy fire.

Behold, she cries, the groves, the woods, the plains,
Where nature dictates, see how freedom reigns;

The herd, promiscuous, o'er the mountain strays;
Nor begs this beast the other's leave to graze.
Each freely dares his appetite to treat,
Nor fears the steed to neigh, the flock to bleat.

Did God, who freedom to these creatures gave,
Form his own image, man, to be a slave?

But men, it seems, to laws of compact yield;
While nature only governs in the field.
Curse on all laws which liberty subdue,
And make the many wretched for the few.

However deaf to shame, to reason blind,
Men dare assert all falsehoods of mankind;
The public never were, when free, such elves
To covet laws pernicious to themselves.
Presumptuous pow'r assumes the public voice,
And what it makes our fate, pretends our choice.

To whom did pow'r original belong?
Was it not first extorted by the strong?
And thus began, where it will end, in wrong.

These scorn'd to pow'r another claim than might,
And in ability established right.

At length a second nobler sort arose,
Friends to the weak, and to oppression foes;
With warm humanity their bosoms glow'd,
They felt to nature their great strength they ow'd.
And as some elder born of noble rate,
To whom devolves his father's rich estate,
Becomes a kind protector to the rest,
Nor sees unmov'd the younger branch distress'd,

So these, with strength whom nature deign'd to grace,
Became the guardians of their weaker race;
Forc'd tyrant pow'r to bend its stubborn knee,
Broke the hard chain, and set the people free.
O'er abject slaves they scorn'd inglorious sway,
But taught the grateful freed man to obey;
And thus, by giving liberty, enjoy'd
What the first hop'd from liberty destroy'd.

To such the weak for their protection flew,
Hence right to pow'r and laws by compact grew.
With zeal embracing their deliverer's cause,
They bear his arms, and listen to his laws.
Thus pow'r superior strength superior wears,
In honour chief, as first in toils and cares.
The people pow'r, to keep their freedom, gave,
And he who had it was the only slave.

But fortune wills to wisest human schemes,
The fate that torrents bring to purest streams,
Which from clear fountains soon polluted run,
Thus ends in evil what from good begun.

For now the savage host, o'erthrown and slain,
New titles, by new methods, kings obtain.
To priests and lawyers soon their arts applied,
The people these, and those the Gods belied.
The Gods, unheard, to power successors name,
And silent crowds their rights divine proclaim.
Hence all the evils which mankind have known,
The priest's dark mystery, the tyrant's throne;
Hence lords, and ministers, and such sad things;
And hence the strange divinity of kings.
Hail liberty! Boon worthy of the skies,
Like fabled *Venus* fair, like *Pallas* wise.

Thro' thee the citizen braves war's alarms,
Tho' neither bred to fight, nor paid for arms;
Thro' thee, the laurel crown'd the victor's brow,
Who serv'd before his country at the plough:
Thro' thee (what most must to thy praise appear)
Proud senates scorn'd not to seek virtue there.

O thou, than health or riches dearer far,
Thou gentle breath of peace, and soul of war;
Thou that hast taught the desert sweets to yield,
And shame the fair *Campania's* fertile field;
Hast shown the peasant glory, and call'd forth
Wealth from the barren sand, and heroes from the north!

The southern skies, without thee, to no end
In the cool breeze, or genial show'rs descend:
Possess'd of thee, the *Vandal*, and the *Hun*,
Enjoy their frost, nor mourn the distant sun.

As poets *Samos*, and the *Cyprian* grove,
Once gave to *Juno*, and the Queen of Love:
Be thine *Britannia:* ever friendly smile,
And fix thy seat eternal in this isle.
Thy sacred name no *Romans* now adore,
And *Greece* attends thy glorious call no more.
To thy *Britannia*, then, thy fire transfer,
Give all thy virtue, all thy force to her;
Revolve, attentive, all her annals o'er,
See how her sons have lov'd thee heretofore.
While the base sword oppress'd *Iberia* draws,
And slavish *Gauls* dare fight against thy cause,
See *Britain's* youth rush forth, at thy command,
And fix thy standard in the hostile land.

With noble scorn they view the crowded field,
And force unequal multitudes to yield.
So wolves large flocks, so lions herds survey,
Not foes more num'rous, but a richer prey.
O! teach us to withstand, as they withstood,
Nor lose the purchase of our father's blood.
Ne'er blush that sun that saw in *Blenheim's* plain
Streams of our blood, and mountains of our slain;
Or that of old beheld all *France* to yield
In *Agincourt* or *Cressy's* glorious field;
Where freedom *Churchill*, *Henry*, *Edward* gave,
Ne'er blush that sun to see a *British* slave.

As industry might from the bee be taught,
So might oppression from the hive be brought:
Behold the little race laborious stray,
And from each flow'r the hard-wrought sweets convey,
That in warm ease in winter they may dwell,
And each enjoy the riches of its cell.
Behold th' excising pow'r of man despoil
These little wretches of their care and toil.
Death's the reward of all their labour lost,
Careful in vain, and provident to their cost.

But thou, great liberty, keep *Britain* free,
Nor let men use us as we use the bee.
Let not base drones upon our honey thrive,
And suffocate the maker in his hive.

TO A FRIEND

ON THE

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

'Tis hard (experience long so taught the wise)
Not to provoke the person we advise.
Counsel, tho' ask'd, may very oft offend,
When it insults th' opinion of my friend.
Men frequent wish another's judgment known,
Not to destroy, but to confirm their own.
With feign'd suspense for our advice they sue,
On what they've done, or are resolv'd to do.
The favour'd scheme should we by chance oppose,
Henceforth they see us in the light of foes.
For could mankind th' advice they ask receive,
Most to themselves might wholesome counsel give.
Men in the beaten track of life's highway,
Ofter through passion than through error stray,
Wants less advice than firmness to obey.

Nor can advice an equal hazard prove
To what is given in the cause of love;
None ask it here till melting in the flame.
If we oppose the now victorious dame,
You think her enemy and yours the same.

But yet, tho' hard, tho' dangerous the task,
Fidus must grant, if his *Alexis* ask.
Take then the friendly counsels of the muse;
Happy, if what you've chosen she should choose.

The question's worthy some diviner voice,
How to direct a wife's important choice.
In other aims if we should miss the white,
Reason corrects, and turns us to the right:
But here, a doom irrevocable's past,
And the first fatal error proves the last.
Rash were it then, and desperate, to run
With haste to do what cannot be undone.
Whence comes the woes which we in marriage find,
But from a choice too negligent, too blind?

Marriage, by heav'n ordain'd is understood,
And bounteous heav'n ordain'd but what is good.
To our destruction we its bounties turn,
In flames, by heav'n to warm us meant, we burn.
What draws youth heedless to the fatal gin?
Features well form'd or a well polish'd skin.
What can in riper minds a wish create?
Wealth, or alliance with the rich and great:
Who to himself, now in his courtship, says,
I choose a partner of my future days;
Her face, or pocket seen, her mind they trust;
They wed to lay the fiends of avarice or lust.

But thou, whose honest thoughts the choice intend
Of a companion, and a softer friend;
A tender heart, which while thy soul it shares,
Augments thy joys, and lessens all thy cares.

One, who by thee while tenderly caress'd,
Shall steal that God-like transport to thy breast,
The joy to find you make another blest.
Thee in thy choice let other maxims move,
They wed for baser passions; thou for love.

Of Beauty's subtle poison well beware;
Our hearts are taken e'er they dread the snare:
Our eyes, soon dazzled by that glare, grow blind,
And see no imperfections in the mind.
Of this appris'd, the sex, with nicest art,
Insidiously adorn the outward part.
But beauty, to a mind deprav'd and ill,
Is a thin gilding to a nauseous pill;
A cheating promise of a short-liv'd joy,
Time must this idol, chance may soon destroy.
See *Leda*, once the circle's proudest boast,
Of the whole town the universal toast;
By children, age, and sickness, now decay'd,
What marks remain of the triumphant Maid?
Beauties which nature and which art produce,
Are form'd to please the eye, no other use.
The husband, sated by possession grown,
Or indolent to flatter what's his own;
With eager rivals keeps unequal pace:
But oh! no rival flatters like her glass.
There still she's sure a thousand charms to see,
A thousand times she more admires than he;
Then soon his dulness learns she to despise,
And thinks she's thrown away too rich a prize.
To please her, try his little arts in vain;
His very hopes to please her move disdain.
The man of sense, the husband, and the friend,
Cannot with fools and coxcombs condescend

To such vile terms of tributary praise,
As tyrants scarce on conquer'd countries raise.
Beauties think Heav'n they in themselves bestow,
All we return is gratitude too low.
A gen'ral beauty wisely then you shun;
But from a wit, as a contagion, run.
Beauties with praise if difficult to fill;
To praise a wit enough, is harder still.
Here with a thousand rivals you'll contest;
He most succeeds, who most approves the jest.
Ill-nature too with wit's too often joined;
Too firm associates in the human mind.
Oft may the former for the latter go,
And for a wit we may mistake a shrew.
How seldom burns this fire, like *Sappho's*, bright!
How seldom gives an innocent delight!
Flavia's a wit at modesty's expence;
Iris to laughter sacrifices sense.
Hard labour undergo poor *Delia's* brains,
While ev'ry joke some mystery contains;
No problem is discuss'd with greater pains.
Not *Lais* more resolv'd, through thick and thin,
Will plunge to meet her ever-darling sin,
Than *Myrrha*, through ingratitude and shame,
To raise the laugh, or get a witty fame.
No friendship is secure from *Myrrha's* blows;
For wits, like gamesters, hurt both friends and foes.
Besides, where'er these shining flowers appear,
Too nice the soil more useful plants to bear;
Her house, her person, are below her care.
In a domestic sphere she scorns to move,
And scarce accepts the vulgar joys of love.
But while your heart to wit's attacks is cool,
Let it not give admission to a fool.

He who can folly in a wife commend,
Proposes her a servant, not a friend.
Thou, too, whose mind is generous and brave,
Would'st not become her master, but her slave;
For fools are obstinate, advice refuse,
And yield to none but arts you'd scorn to use.
When passion grows, by long possession dull,
The sleepy flame her folly soon must lull;
Tho' now, perhaps, those childish airs you prize,
Lovers and husbands see with diff'rent eyes.
A rising passion will new charms create;
A falling seeks new causes for its hate.
Wisely the bee, while teeming summer blooms,
Thinks of the dearth which with cold winter glooms,
So thou should'st, in thy love's serener time,
When passion reigns, and *Flora's* in her prime,
Think of that winter which must sure ensue,
When she shall have no charms, no fondness you.
How then shall friendship to fond love succeed?
What charms shall serve her then in beauty's stead?
What then shall bid the passion change, not cool?
No charm's in the possession of a fool.
Next for the all-attracting power of gold,
That as a thing indifferent you hold.
I know thy am'rous heart, whose honest pride
Is still to be on the obliging side,
Would wish the fair one, who your soul allures,
Enjoy'd a fortune rather less than yours.
Those whom the dazzling glare of fortune strikes,
Whom gold allures to what the soul dislikes;
If counterfeit affection they support,
Strict penance do, and golden fetters court.
But if ungrateful for the boon they grow,
And pay the bounteous female back with woe,

These are the worst of robbers in their wills,
Whom laws prevent from doing lesser ills.

Many who profit in a match intend,
Find themselves clearly losers in the end,
Fulvius, who basely from *Melissa* broke,
With richer *Chloe* to sustain the yoke,
Sees, in her vast expence, his crimes repaid,
And oft laments the poor forsaken maid.
And say, what soul, that's not to slav'ry born,
Can bear the taunts, th' upbraidings, and the scorn,
Which women with their fortunes oft bestow?
Worse torments far than poverty can know.

Happy *Alexis*, sprung from such a race,
Whose blood would no nobility disgrace.
But O prefer some tender of a flock,
Who scarce can graft one parson on her stock.
To a fair branch of *Churchill's* noble line,
If thou must often hear it match'd with thine.
Hence should, I say, by her big taunts compell'd,
With *Tallard* taken, *Villars* forc'd to yield,
And all the glories of great *Blenheim's* field.
While thus secure from what too frequent charms,
Small force against the rest your bosom arms.
Ill-nature, pride, or a malicious spleen,
To be abhorr'd, need only to be seen;
But to discover 'em may ask some art:
Women to lovers seldom faults impart.
She's more than woman, who can still conceal
Faults from a lover, who will watch her well.
The dams of art may Nature's stream oppose,
It swells at last, and in a torrent flows.

But men, too partial, think, when they behold
A mistress rude, vain, obstinate, or bold,
That she to others who a demon proves,
May be an angel to the man she loves.
Mistaken hope, that can expect to find
Pride ever humble, or ill-nature kind.
No, rest assur'd, the ill which now you see
Her act to others, she will act to thee.
Shun then the serpent, when the sting appears,
Nor think a hurtful nature ever spares.
Two sorts of women never should be woo'd,
The wild coquette, and the censorious prude:
From love both chiefly seek to feed their pride,
Those to affect it strive, and these to hide.
Each gay coquette would be admir'd alone
By all, each prude be thought to value none.
Flaretta so weak vanities enthrall,
She'd leave her eager bridegroom for a ball.
Chloe, the darling trifle of the town,
Had ne'er been won but by her wedding gown;
While in her fond *Myrtillo's* arms caress'd,
She doats on that, and wishes to be dress'd.
Like some poor bird, just pent within the cage,
Whose rambling heart in vain you would engage,
Cold to your fondness, it laments its chain,
And wanton longs to range the fields again.
But prudes, whose thoughts superior themes employ,
Scorn the dull transports of a carnal joy:
With screw'd-up face, confess they suffer raptures,
And marry only to obey the Scriptures.
But if her constitution take the part
Of honest Nature 'gainst the wiles of art;
If she gives loose to love, she loves indeed;
Then endless fears and jealousies succeed.

If fondness e'er abate, you're weary grown,
And doat on some lewd creature of the town.
If any beauty to a visit come;
Why can't these gadding wretches stay at home?
They think each compliment conveys a flame,
You cannot both be civil to the same.
Of all the plagues with which a husband's curst,
A jealous prude's, my friend sure knows, the worst.

Some sterner foes to marriage bold aver,
That in this choice a man must surely err:
Nor can I to this lottery advise,
A thousand blanks appearing to a prize.
Women by nature form'd too prone to ill,
By education are made proner still;
To cheat, deceive, conceal each genuine thought,
By mothers and by mistresses are taught.
The face and shape are first the mother's care;
The dancing-master next improves the air.
To these perfections add a voice most sweet;
The skill'd musician makes the nymph complete.
Thus with a person well equipp'd, her mind
Left, as when first created, rude and blind,
She's sent to make her conquests on mankind.
But first inform'd the studied glance to aim,
Where riches shew the profitable game:
How with unequal smiles the jest to take,
When princes, lords, or squires, or captains speak;
These lovers careful shun, and those create,
And merit only see in an estate.
But tho' too many of this sort we find,
Some there are surely of a nobler kind.
Nor can your judgment want a rule to chose,
If by these maxims guided you refuse.

His wishes then give *Fidus* to declare,
And paint the chief perfections of the fair.
May she then prove, who shall thy lot befall,
Beauteous to thee, agreeable to all.
Nor wit, nor learning proudly may she boast;
No low-bred girl, nor gay fantastic toast:
Her tender soul, good-nature must adorn,
And vice and meanness be alone her scorn.
Fond of thy person, may her bosom glow
With passions thou hast taught her first to know.
A warm partaker of the genial bed,
Thither by fondness, not by lewdness led.
Superior judgment may she own thy lot;
Humbly advise, but contradict thee not.
Thine to all other company prefer;
May all thy troubles find relief from her.
If fortune gives thee such a wife to meet,
Earth cannot make thy blessing more complete.

TO JOHN HAYES, ESQ.

That *Varius* huffs, and fights it out to-day,
Who ran last week so cowardly away,
In *Codrus* may surprise the little skill,
Who nothing knows of humankind, but ill:
Confining all his knowledge, and his art,
To this, that each man is corrupt at heart.

But thou who Nature thro' each maze canst trace,
Who in her closet forcest her embrace;
Canst with thy *Horace* see the human elves
Not differ more from others than themselves:
Canst see one man at several times appear,
Now gay, now grave, now candid, now severe;
Now save his friends, now leave 'em in the lurch;
Now rant in brothels, and now cant in church.

Yet farther with the muse pursue the theme,
And see how various men at once will seem;
How passions blended on each other fix,
How vice with virtues, faults with graces mix;
How passions opposite, as sour to sweet,
Shall in one bosom at one moment meet,
With various luck for victory contend,
And now shall carry, and now lose their end.
The rotten beau, while smell'd along the room,
Divides your nose 'twixt stenches and perfume:

So vice and virtue lay such equal claim,
Your judgment knows not when to praise or blame.
Had Nature actions to one source confin'd,
Ev'n blundring *Codrus* might have known mankind.
But as the diff'ring colours blended lie
When *Titian* variegates his clouded sky;
Where white and black, the yellow and the green,
Unite and undistinguish'd form the scene.
So the great artist diff'ring passions joins,
And love with hatred, fear with rage combines.

Nor Nature this confusion makes alone,
She gives us often half, and half's our own.

Men what they are not struggle to appear,
And Nature strives to shew them as they are;
While Art, repugnant thus to Nature, fights,
The various man appears in different lights.
The sage or hero on the stage may shew
Behind the scenes the blockhead or the beau.
For tho' with *Quin's* or *Garrick's* matchless art,
He acts; my friend, he only acts a part:
For *Quin* himself, in a few moments more,
Is *Quin* again, who *Cato* was before.
Thus while the courtier acts the patriot's part,
This guides his face and tongue, and that his heart.
Abroad the patriot shines with artful mien,
The naked courtier glares behind the scene.
What wonder then to-morrow if he grow
A courtier good, who is a patriot now.

A DESCRIPTION

OF

U——n G——, (alias *New Hog's Norton*) in *Com. Hants.*

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG LADY IN THE YEAR 1728.

To *Rosalinda*, now from town retir'd,
Where noblest hearts her brilliant eyes have fir'd;
Whom nightingales in fav'rite bow'rs delight,
Where sweetest flow'rs perfume the fragrant night;
Where music's charms enchant the fleeting hours,
And wit transports with all *Thalia's* pow'rs;
Alexis sends: Whom his hard fates remove
From the dear scenes of poetry and love,
To barren climates, less frequented plains,
Unpolish'd nymphs, and more unpolish'd swains.
In such a place how can *Alexis* sing?
An air ne'er beaten by the muse's wing!
In such a place what subject can appear?
What not unworthy *Rosalinda's* ear?
Yet if a charm in novelty there be,
Sure it will plead to *Rosalind* for me?
Whom courts or cities nought unknown can shew,
Still U—— G—— presents a prospect new.

As the daub'd scene, that on the stage is shewn,
Where this side canvas is, and that a town;
Or as that lace which *Paxton* half lace calls,
That decks some beau apprentice out for balls;
Such our half house erects its mimic head,
This side an house presents, and that a shed.
Nor doth the inward furniture excel,
Nor yields it to the beauty of the shell:
Here *Roman* triumphs plac'd with awkward art,
A cart its horses draws, an elephant the cart,
On the house-side a garden may be seen,
Which docks and nettles keep for ever green.
Weeds on the ground, instead of flow'rs, we see,
And snails alone adorn the barren tree.
Happy for us, had *Eve's* this garden been;
She'd found no fruit, and therefore known no sin.
Nor meaner ornament the shed-side decks,
With hay-stacks, faggot piles, and bottle-ricks;
The horses stalls, the coach a barn contains;
For purling streams, we've puddles fill'd with rains.
What can our orchard without trees surpass?
What, but our dusty meadow without grass?
I've thought (so strong with me burlesque prevails,)
This place design'd to ridicule *Versailles;*
Or meant, like that, art's utmost pow'r to shew,
That tells how high it reaches, this how low.
Our conversation does our palace fit,
We've ev'rything but humour, except wit.

O then, when tir'd with laughing at his strains,
Give one dear sigh to poor *Alexis'* pains;
Whose heart this scene would certainly subdue,
But for the thoughts of happier days, and you;
With whom one happy hour makes large amends
For ev'ry care his other hours attends.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

(NOW EARL OF ORFORD).

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730.

SIR,

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy, and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils which they praise;
Would you not wonder, sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.

You know, great sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great.
Forbid it, Gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as I.

The family that dines the latest,
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
Before him who ne'er dines at all.

Your taste in architect, you know,
Hath been admir'd by friend and foe:
But can your earthly domes compare
To all my castles———in the air?

We're often taught it doth behove us
To think those greater who're above us.
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you twice two story,
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of *Arlington*.*

Greatness by poets still is painted
With many followers acquainted;
This too doth in my favour speak,
Your levée is but twice a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day,
My door is quiet on a *Sunday*.

Nor in the manner of attendance
Doth your great bard claim less ascendance.
Familiar you to admiration,
May be approach'd by all the nation:
While I, like the Mogul *in Indo*,
Am never seen but at my window.
If with my greatness you're offended,
The fault is easily amended,
For I'll come down with wondrous ease,
Into whatever place you please.

I'm not ambitious; little matters
Will serve us great, but humble creatures.
Suppose a secretary o' this isle,
Just to be doing with a while;

* Where *Lord Orford* then lived.

Admiral, gen'ral, judge, or bishop ;
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negotiation ;
Tuscan and *French* are in my head ;
Latin I write, and *Greek* I———read.

If you should ask, what pleases best ?
To get the most, and do the least ;
What fittest for ?——you know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for a——*sinecure.*

TO THE SAME. *Anno* 1731.

Great sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you—still you say
I'm busy now, to-morrow come ;
To-morrow, sir, you're not at home,
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as him the lie ?

In imitation, sir, of you,
I keep a mighty levée too ;
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return, no doubt,
And then like you, sir, I'm gone out.
So says my maid—but they, less civil,
Give maid and master to the devil ;
And then with menaces depart,
Which could you hear would pierce your heart.

Good sir, or make my levée fly me,
Or lend your porter to deny me.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON A HALFPENNY,

Which a young lady gave a beggar, and the author redeemed for half-a-crown.

Dear little, pretty, fav'rite ore,
That once increas'd *Gloriana's* store;
That lay within her bosom bless'd,
Gods might have envied thee thy nest.
I've read, imperial *Jove* of old
For love transform'd himself to gold:
And why, for a more lovely lass,
May he not now have lurk'd in brass;
Oh! rather than from her he'd part,
He'd shut that charitable heart,
That heart whose goodness nothing less
Than his vast pow'r, could dispossess.

From *Gloriana's* gentle touch
Thy mighty value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his medals are to *Sloan.*

Not for the silver and the gold
Which *Corinth* lost should'st thou be sold:
Not for the envied mighty mass
Which misers wish, or *M———h* has:
Not for what *India* sends to *Spain*,
Nor all the riches of the Main.

While I possess thy little store,
Let no man call, or think, me poor;
Thee, while alive, my breast shall have,
My hand shall grasp thee in the grave:

Nor shalt thou be to *Peter* giv'n,
* Tho' he should keep me out of heav'n.

THE BEGGAR.

A SONG.

I.

WHILE cruel to your wishing slave,
You still refuse the boon I crave,
Confess, what joy that precious pearl
Conveys to thee, my lovely girl?

II.

Dost thou not act the miser's part,
Who with an aching lab'ring heart,
Counts the dull joyless shining store,
Which he refuses to the poor?

III.

Confess then, my too lovely maid,
Nor blush to see thy thoughts betray'd;
What, parted with, gives heav'n to me;
Kept, is but pain and grief to thee.

IV.

Be charitable then, and dare
Bestow the treasure you can spare;
And trust the joys which you afford
Will to yourself be sure restor'd.

* In allusion to the custom of *Peter-Pence,* used by the *Roman Catholics.*

AN EPIGRAM.

When Jove with fair *Alcmena* lay,
He kept the sun a-bed all day;
That he might taste her wond'rous charms,
Two nights together in her arms.
Were I of *Celia's* charms possess'd,
Melting on that delicious breast,
And could, like Jove, thy beams restrain,
Sun, thou should'st never rise again;
Unsated with the luscious bliss,
I'd taste one dear eternal kiss.

THE QUESTION.

In *Celia's* arms while bless'd I lay,
My soul in bliss dissolved away:
'Tell me,' the charmer cried, 'how well
'You love your *Celia; Strephon*, tell.'
Kissing her glowing, burning cheek,
'I'll tell,' I cried—but could not speak.
At length my voice return'd, and she
Again began to question me.
I pulled her to my breast again,
And tried to answer, but in vain:
Short falt'ring accents from me broke,
And my voice fail'd before I spoke.
The charmer, pitying my distress,
Gave me the tenderest caress,
And sighing cried, 'You need not tell;
'Oh! *Strephon*, Oh! I feel how well.'

J——N W——TS AT A PLAY.

While hisses, groans, cat-calls thro' the pit,
Deplore the hapless poet's want of wit:
J—n W——ts, from silence bursting in a rage,
Cried, '*Men are mad who write in such an age.*'
'*Not so*,' replied his friend, a sneering blade,
'*The poet's only dull, the printer's mad.*'

TO CELIA.

I hate the town and all its ways;
Ridottos, operas, and plays;
The ball, the ring, the mall, the court;
Wherever the beau-monde resort;
Where beauties lie in ambush for folks,
Earl *Straffords*, and the Duke of *Norfolks;*
All coffee-houses, and their praters;
All courts of justice, and debaters;
All taverns, and the sots within 'em;
All bubbles and the rogues that skin 'em.
I hate all critics; may they burn all,
From *Bentley* to the *Grub-street Journal.*
All bards, as *Dennis* hates a pun:
Those who have wit, and who have none.
All nobles, of whatever station;
And all the parsons in the nation.
All quacks and doctors read in physic,
Who kill or cure a man that is sick.
All authors that were ever heard on,
From *Bavius* up to *Tommy Gordon;*

Tradesmen with cringes ever stealing,
And merchants, whatsoe'er they deal in.
I hate the blades professing slaughter,
More than the devil holy water.
I hate all scholars, beaus, and squires;
Pimps, puppies, parasites, and liars.
All courtiers, with their looks so smooth;
And players, from *Boheme* to *Booth*.
I hate the world, cramm'd all together,
From beggars, up the Lord knows whither.

Ask you then, *Celia*, if there be
The thing I love? my charmer, thee.
Thee more than light, than life adore,
Thou dearest, sweetest creature more
Than wildest raptures can express;
Than I can tell,—or thou canst guess.

Then tho' I bear a gentle mind,
Let not my hatred of mankind
Wonder within my *Celia* move,
Since she possesses all my love.

ON A LADY,

COQUETTING WITH A VERY SILLY FELLOW.

Corinna's judgment do not less admire,
That she for *Oulus* shews a gen'rous fire;
Lucretia toying thus had been a fool,
But wiser *Helen* might have us'd the tool.
Since *Oulus* for one use alone is fit,
With charity judge of *Corinna's* wit.

ON THE SAME.

While men shun *Oulus* as a fool,
Dames prize him as a beau;
What judgment form we by this rule?
Why this it seems to shew.
Those apprehend the beau's a fool,
These think the fool's a beau.

EPITAPH

ON

BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

What tho' alive neglected and undone,
O let thy spirit triumph in this stone.
No greater honour could men pay thy parts,
For when they give a stone, they give their hearts.

ANOTHER.

ON A WICKED FELLOW, WHO WAS A GREAT BLUNDERER.

Interr'd by blunder in this sacred place,
Lies *William's* wicked heart, and smiling face.
Full forty years on earth he blunder'd on,
And now the L—d knows whither he is gone.
But if to heav'n he stole, let no man wonder,
For if to hell he'd gone, he'd made no blunder.

EPIGRAM

ON ONE WHO INVITED MANY GENTLEMEN TO A SMALL DINNER.

PETER (says *Pope*) won't poison with his meat;
'Tis true, for *Peter* gives you nought to eat.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

DESIGNED FOR THE STAGE.

COME, let's aboard, my jolly blades,
That love a merry life;
To lazy souls leave home-bred trades,
To husbands home-bred strife;
Through *Europe* we will gaily roam,
And leave our wives and cares at home.
With a Fa la, &c.

If any tradesman broke should be,
Or gentleman distress'd,
Let him away with us to sea,
His fate will be redress'd:
The glorious thunder of great guns,
Drowns all the horrid noise of duns.
With a Fa la, &c.

And while our ships we proudly steer
Through all the conquer'd seas,
We'll shew the world that *Britons* bear
Their empire where they please:
Where'er our sails are once unfurl'd,
Our king rules that part of the world.
With a Fa la, &c.

The *Spaniard* with a solemn grace
Still marches slowly on,
We'd quickly make him mend his pace,
Desirous to be gone:
Or if we bend our course to *France*,
We'll teach Monsieur more brisk to dance.
With a Fa la, &c.

At length, the world subdu'd, again
Our course we'll homeward bend;
In women, and in brisk champagne,
Our gains we'll freely spend:
How proud our mistresses will be
To hug the men that fought as we.
With a Fa la, &c.

ADVICE

TO THE

NYMPHS OF NEW S——M.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730.

Cease, vainest nymphs, with *Celia* to contend,
And let your envy and your folly end.
With her almighty charms when yours compare,
When your blind lovers think you half so fair,
Each *Sarum* ditch, like *Helicon* shall flow,
And *Harnam Hill*, like high *Parnassus*, glow;
The humble daisy, trod beneath our feet,
Shall be like lilies fair, like violets sweet;
Winter's black nights outshine the summer's noon,
And farthing candles shall eclipse the moon:
T—b-ld shall blaze with wit, sweet *Pope* be dull,
And *German* princes vie with the *Mogul*.
Cease, then, advis'd, O cease th' unequal war,
'Tis too much praise to be o'ercome by her.
With the sweet nine so the *Pierians* strove;
So poor *Arachne* with *Minerva* wove:
Till of their pride just punishment they share;
Those fly and chatter, and this hangs in air.
Unhappy nymphs! O may the powers above,
Those powers that form'd this second Queen of Love,
Lay all their wrathful thunderbolts aside,
And rather pity than avenge your pride;
Forbid it, heaven, you should bemoan too late
The sad *Pierian's* or *Arachne's* fate;

That hid in leaves, and perch'd upon a bough,
You should o'erlook those walks you walk in now;
The gen'rous maid's compassion, others joke,
Should chatter scandal which you once have spoke;
Or else in cobwebs hanging from the wall,
Should be condemn'd to overlook the ball:
To see, as now, victorious *Celia* reign,
Admir'd, ador'd by each politer swain.
O shun a fate like this, be timely wise,
And if your glass be false, if blind your eyes,
Believe and own what all mankind aver,
And pay with them the tribute due to her.

TO CELIA.

Occasioned by her apprehending her house would be broke open, and having an old fellow to guard it, who sat up all night, with a gun without any ammunition.

CUPID CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

Last night, as my unwilling mind
To rest, dear *Celia*, I resign'd;
For how should I repose enjoy,
While any fears your breast annoy?
Forbid it, heav'n, that I should be
From any of your troubles free.
O! would kind Fate attend my pray'r,
Greedy, I'd give you not a share.

Last night, then, in a wretched taking,
My spirits toss'd 'twixt sleep and waking,

I dreamt (ah! what so frequent themes
As you and *Venus* of my dreams!)
That she, bright glory of the sky,
Heard from below her darling's cry:
Saw her cheeks pale, her bosom heave,
And heard a distant sound of "thieve!"
Not so you look when at the ball,
Envied you shine, outshining all.
Not so at church, when priest perplex'd,
Beholds you, and forgets the text.

The goddess frighten'd, to her throne
Summon'd the little god her son,
And him in passion thus bespoke;
'Where, with that cunning urchin's look,
'Where from thy colours hast thou stray'd?
'Unguarded left my darling maid?
'Left my lov'd citadel of beauty,
'With none but *Sancho* upon duty!
'Did I for this a num'rous band
'Of loves send under thy command!
'Bid thee still have her in thy sight,
'And guard her beauties day and night!
'Were not th' *Hesperian* gardens taken?
'The hundred eyes of *Argus* shaken?
'What dangers will not men despise,
'T' obtain this much superior prize?
'And didst thou trust what *Jove* hath charm'd,
'To a poor sentinel unarmed?
'A gun indeed the wretch had got,
'But neither powder, ball, nor shot.
'Come tell me, urchin, tell no lies;
'Where was you hid, in *Vince's* eyes?
'Did you fair *Bennet's* breast importune?
'(I know you dearly love a fortune.)'

Poor *Cupid* now began to whine;
'Mamma, it was no fault of mine.
'I in a dimple lay *perdue*,
'That little guard-room chose by you.
'A hundred Loves (all arm'd) did grace
'The beauties of her neck and face;
'Thence, by a sigh I dispossessed,
'Was blown to *Harry Fielding's* breast;
'Where I was forc'd all night to stay,
'Because I could not find my way.
'But did mamma know there what work
'I've made, how acted like a Turk;
'What pains, what torment he endures,
'Which no physician ever cures,
'She would forgive.' The goddess smil'd,
And gently chuck'd her wicked child,
Bid him go back, and take more care,
And give her service to the fair.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER WISHING TO HAVE A LILLIPUTIAN TO PLAY WITH.

Is there a man who would not be,
My *Celia*, what is priz'd by thee?
A monkey beau, to please thy sight,
Would wish to be a monkey quite.
Or (couldst thou be delighted so)
Each man of sense would be a beau.
Courtiers would quit their faithless skill,
To be thy faithful dog *Quadrille*.
P—lt——y, who does for freedom rage,
Would sing confin'd within thy cage;

And *W—lp-le*, for a tender pat,
Would leave his place to be thy cat.
May I, to please my lovely dame,
Be five foot shorter than I am;
And, to be greater in her eyes,
Be sunk to *Lilliputian* size.
While on thy hand I skipp'd the dance,
How I'd despise the king of *France!*
That hand! which can bestow a store
Richer than the *Peruvian* ore,
Richer than *India*, or the sea
(That hand will give yourself away).
Upon your lap to lay me down,
Or hide in plaitings of your gown;
Or on your shoulder sitting high,
What monarch so enthron'd as I?
Now on the rosy bud I'd rest,
Which borrows sweetness from thy breast.
Then when my *Celia* walks abroad,
I'd be her pocket's little load:
Or sit astride, to frighten people,
Upon her hat's new-fashioned steeple.
These for the day; and for the night,
I'd be a careful, watchful sprite.
Upon her pillow sitting still,
I'd guard her from th' approach of ill.
Thus (for afraid she could not be
Of such a little thing as me)
While I survey her bosom rise,
Her lovely lips, her sleeping eyes,
While I survey, what to declare
Nor fancy can, nor words must dare,
Here would begin my former pain,
And wish to be myself again.

SIMILES.

TO THE SAME.

As wildest libertines would rate,
Compar'd with pleasure, an estate;
Or as his life a hero'd prize,
When honour claim'd the sacrifice;
Their souls as strongest misers hold,
When in the balance weigh'd with gold;
Such, was thy happiness at stake,
My fortune, life, and soul, I'd make.

THE PRICE.

TO THE SAME.

Can there on earth, my *Celia*, be
A price I would not pay for thee?
Yes, one dear precious tear of thine
Should not be shed to make thee mine.

HER CHRISTIAN NAME.

TO THE SAME.

A very good fish, very good way of selling
A very bad thing, with a little bad spelling,
Make the name by the parson and godfather giv'n,
When a Christian was made of an angel from heav'n.

TO THE SAME;

HAVING BLAMED MR. GAY FOR HIS SEVERITY ON HER SEX.

LET it not *Celia's* gentle heart perplex
That *Gay* severe hath satiriz'd her sex;
Had they, like her, a tenderness but known,
Back on himself each pointed dart had flown.
But blame thou last, in whose accomplish'd mind
The strongest satire on thy sex we find.

AN EPIGRAM.

THAT *Kate* weds a fool what wonder can be,
Her husband has married a fool great as she.

ANOTHER.

MISS *Molly* lays down as a positive rule,
That no one should marry for love, but a fool:
Exceptions to rules even *Lilly* allows;
Moll has sure an *example* at home in her spouse.

TO THE MASTER OF THE

SALISBURY ASSEMBLY.

Occasioned by a dispute whether the company should have fresh candles.

TAKE your candles away, let your music be mute,
My dancing, however, you shall not dispute;
Jenny's eyes shall find light, and I'll find a flute.

THE CAT AND FIDDLE.

TO THE

FAVOURITE CAT OF A FIDDLING MISER.

THRICE happy cat, if, in thy A—— House,
Thou luckily shouldst find a half-starv'd mouse;
The mice, that only for his music stay,
Are proofs that *Orpheus* did not better play.
Thou too, if danger could alarm thy fears,
Hast to this *Orpheus* strangely tied thy ears:
For oh! the fatal time will come, when he,
Prudent, will make his fiddle-strings of thee.

THE Queen of Beauty, t'other day
(As the *Elysian* journals say),
To ease herself of all her cares,
And better carry on affairs;
By privy-council mov'd above,
And *Cupid* minister of love,
To keep the earth in due obedience,
Resolv'd to substitute vice-regents;
To canton out her subject lands,
And give the fairest the commands.

She spoke, and to the earth's far borders
Young *Cupid* issued out his orders,
That every nymph in its dimensions
Should bring or send up her pretensions.
Like lightning swift the order flies,
Or swifter glance from *Celia's* eyes:

Like wit from sparkling *W——tley's* tongue;
Or harmony from *Pope*, or *Young*.
Why should I sing what letters came;
Who boasts her face, or who her frame?
From black and brown, and red, and fair,
With eyes and teeth, and lips and hair.
One, fifty hidden charms discovers;
A second boasts as many lovers:
This beauty all mankind adore;
And this all women envy more.
This witnesses, by *billets doux*,
A thousand praises, and all true;
While that by jewels makes pretences
To triumph over kings and princes;
Bribing the goddess by that pelf,
By which she once was brib'd herself.
So borough towns, election brought on,
E'er yet corruption bill was thought on.
Sir Knight, to gain the voters' favour,
Boasts of his former good behaviour;
Of speeches in the Senate made;
Love for its country, and its trade.
And, for a proof of zeal unshaken,
Distributes bribes he once had taken.
What matters who the prizes gain,
In *India*, *Italy*, or *Spain;*
Or who requires the brown commanders
Of *Holland*, *Germany*, and *Flanders*.
Thou, *Britain*, on my labours smile,
The Queen of Beauty's favour'd isle;
Whom she long since hath priz'd above
The *Paphian*, or the *Cyprian* grove.
And here, who ask the muse to tell,
That the court lot to *R——chmond* fell?
Or who so ignorant as wants
To know that *S——per's* chose for *Hants*.

Sarum, thy candidates be nam'd,
Sarum, for beauties ever fam'd,
Whose nymphs excel all beauty's flowers,
As thy high steeple doth all towers.
The court was plac'd in manner fitting;
Venus upon the bench was sitting;
Cupid was secretary made.
The crier an *O Yes* display'd;
Like mortal crier's loud alarum,
Bring in petitions from *New Sarum*.
* When lo, in bright celestial state,
Jove came and thunder'd at the gate.
'And can you, daughter, doubt to whom
'(He cried) belongs the happy doom,
'While *C——cks* yet make bless'd the earth,
'*C——cks*, who long before their birth,
'I, by your own petition mov'd,
'Decreed to be by all belov'd.
'*C——cks*, to whose celestial dower
'I gave all beauties in my power;
'To form whose lovely minds and faces,
'I stripp'd half heaven of its graces.
'Oh let them bear an equal sway,
'So shall mankind well-pleas'd obey.'
The god thus spoke, the goddess bow'd;
Her rising blushes strait avow'd
Her hapless memory and shame,
And *Cupid* glad writ down their name.

* The middle part of this poem (which was written when the author was very young) was filled with the names of several young ladies, who might perhaps be uneasy at seeing themselves in print, that part therefore is left out; the rather, as some freedoms, though gentle ones, were taken with little foibles in the amiable sex, whom to affront in print, is, we conceive, mean in any man, and scandalous in a gentleman.

A PARODY,

FROM THE FIRST ÆNEID.

Dixit; et avertens roseâ cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea.——

She said; and turning, shew'd her wrinkled neck,
In scales and colour like a roach's back.
Forth from her greasy locks such odours flow,
As those, who've smelt *Dutch* coffee-houses, know.
To her mid-leg her petticoat was rear'd,
And the true slattern in her dress appear'd.

A SIMILE,

FROM SILIUS ITALICUS.

Aut ubi cecropius formidine nubis aquosæ
Sparsa super flores examina tollit *Hymettos;*
Ad dulces ceras et odori corticis antra,
Mellis apes gravidæ properant, densoque volatu
Raucum connexæ glomerant ad limina murmur.

Or when th' *Hymettian* shepherd, struck with fear
Of wat'ry clouds thick gathered in the air,
Collects to waxen cells the scatter'd bees
Home from the sweetest flowers, and verdant trees;
Loaded with honey to the hive they fly,
And humming murmurs buzz along the sky.

TO EUTHALIA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1728.

BURNING with love, tormented with despair
Unable to forget or ease his care;
In vain each practis'd art *Alexis* tries;
In vain to books, to wine or women flies;
Each brings *Euthalia's* image to his eyes.
In *Lock's* or *Newton's* page her learning glows;
Dryden the sweetness of her numbers shews;
In all their various excellence I find
The various beauties of her perfect mind.
How vain in wine a short relief I boast!
Each sparkling glass recalls my charming toast.
To women then successless I repair,
Engage the young, the witty, and the fair.
When *Sappho's* wit each envious breast alarms,
And *Rosalinda* looks ten thousand charms;
In vain to them my restless thoughts would run;
Like fairest stars, they show the absent sun.

PART OF

JUVENAL'S SIXTH SATIRE,

MODERNISED IN

BURLESQUE VERSE.

JUVENALIS SATYRA SEXTA.

Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege* moratam
In terris, visamque diu; cùm frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,
Et pecus, et dominos communi clauderet umbrâ:
Silvestrem montana torum cùm sterneret uxor
Frondibus et culmo, vicinarumque† ferarum

* Aureo scilicet sæculo; quod viguisse Saturno, Cœli et Vestæ filio, in Latio regnante a poetis fingitur. Regem hunc eleganter satis poeta profert, cum de moribus in Latio muatis agitur.

† Contubernalium. Vel forsan non longe petitarum sicut nunc; et exprobrare vult sui temporis Romanis, qui ex longinquo, mollitiei vel odoris causâ, ferarum pelles maximo cûm pretio comparabant.

PART OF

JUVENAL'S SIXTH SATIRE.

MODERNIZED IN

BURLESQUE VERSE.

DAME *Chastity*, without dispute,
Dwelt on the earth with good *King Brute;* *
When a cold hut of modern *Greenland*
Had been a palace for a *Queen Anne;*
When hard and frugal temp'rance reign'd,
And men no other house contain'd
Than the wild thicket, or the den;
When household goods, and beasts, and men,
Together lay beneath one bough,
Which man and wife would scarce do now;
The rustic wife her husband's bed
With leaves and straw, and beast-skin made.

* The *Roman* poet mentions *Saturn,* who was the first King of *Italy;* we have therefore rendered *Brute* the oldest to be found in our Chronicles, and whose history is as fabulous as that of his *Italian* brother.

Pellibus, haud similis tibi,* Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos ;
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,†
Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.
Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti
Vivebant homines ; qui rupto robore nati,
Compositique luto nullos habuere parentes,
Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan,

* Cynthia propertii, Lesbia Catulli amica. Quarum quidem hanc ineptam, illam delicatulam fuisse innuit noster.

† Grangæum quendam hic refutat Lubinus. Qui per magnos, adultæ vel saltem provectioris Ætatis pueros, intelligit. Ego tamen cum Grangæo sentio. Nam delicatulis et nobilissimis matronis consuetudinem pueros a matris mammis arcendi objicere vult poeta, ob quam Romanas mulieres, Juvenalis temporibus, sicut et nostræ, infames et reprehensione dignas fuisse ne minimùm quidem dubito.

Rupto robore nati. Sic Virgilius.

Gensque virûm truncis, et rupto robore nati.

Hanc fabulam ex eo natam fuisse volunt, quod habitantes in arborum cavitibus exinde egredi solebant. Ridicula sane conjectura, et quæ criticulorum homunculorum hallucinantem geniunculum satis exprimit. Hæc fabula et aliæ quæ de hominis origine extiterunt, ab uno et eodem fonte effluxisse videntur, ab ignorantia scilicet humana cum vanitate conjuncta. Homines enim cùm sui generis originem prorsus ignorarent, et hanc ignorantiam sibi probro verterent, causas varias genitivas, ad suam cujusque regionem accommodatas invenerunt et tradiderunt ; alii ab arboribus, alii a luto, alii a lapidibus originem suam ducentes.

Not like *Miss Cynthia*,* nor that other,
Who more bewail'd her bird than mother;
But fed her children from her bubbies,
Till they were grown up † to great loobies:
Herself an ornament less decent
Than spouse, who smell'd of acorn recent.
For, in the infancy of nature,
Man was a diff'rent sort of creature;
When dirt-engender'd ‡ offspring broke
From the ripe womb of mother oak.
Ev'n in the reign of *Jove*, perhaps,

* This is the first satirical stroke, in which the poet inveighs against an over affectation of delicacy and tenderness in women.

† Here the poet slily objects to the custom of denying the mother's breast to the infant; there are among us truly conscientious persons, who agree with his opinion.

‡ We have here varied a little from the original, and put the two causes of generation together.

Aut aliqua extiterant, et sub Jove,* sed Jove nondum
Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis †
Per caput alterius; cum furem nemo timeret
Caulibus, aut pomis, sed aperto viveret horto.
Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hâc comite; atque duæ pariter fugêre sorores.
Antiquum et vetus est, alienum, Posthume, lectum
Concutere, atque sacri genium contemnere fulcri.
Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas:
Viderunt primos argentea secula mœchos.
Conventum tamen, et pactum, et sponsalia nostrâ
Tempestate paras; jamque à tonsore magistro ‡
Pecteris, et digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
Certè sanus eras: uxorem, Posthume, ducis?
Dic, quâ Tisiphone? quibus exagitare colubris?
Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam?

* Argenteo sæculo, Jove Saturni filio regnante. Miram hujus loci elegantiam nimine prætereundam censeo. Quantâ enim acerbitate in vitia humana insurgit poeta noster, qui non nisi vestigia pudicitiæ argenteo sæculo attribuit, neque hæc asserit, sed *forsan* extîtisse sæculo hoc *ineunte* dicit; mox Jove pubescente ad superos avolasse.

† Apud Romanos Punica fides, et apud Græcos, ut liquet ex Demosthene in 1 Olynth. *Macedonica* fides, proverbio locum tribuerunt: Asiaticos etiam ob perjuriam insectatur noster Sat. sequente vers. 14. Sed hic originem perjurii Græcis attribuere videtur.

‡ Adprimê docto. Hic et ad vers. 78, 79. Ritus nuptiales exhibet poeta.

The goddess may have shewn her chaps;
But it was sure in its beginning,
E'er *Jupiter* had beard to grin in.
Not yet the *Greeks* * made truth their sport,
And bore false evidence in court;
Their truth was yet become no adage;
Men fear'd no thieves of pears and cabbage.
By small degrees *Astrea* flies,
With her two sisters † to the skies.
O 'tis a very ancient custom,
To taint the genial bed, my Posthum!
Fearless lest husband should discover it,
Or else the Genius that rules over it.
The iron age gave other crimes,
Adult'ry grew in silver times.
But you, in this age, boldly dare
The marriage settlements prepare;
Perhaps have bought the wedding garment,
And ring too, thinking there's no harm in't.
Sure you was in your senses, honey.
You marry. Say, what *Tisiphone* ‡
Possesses you with all her snakes,
Those curls which in her pole she shakes?

* They were so infamous for perjury, that to have regard to an oath was a great character among them, and sufficient to denote a gentleman. See our Notes on the *Plutus* of *Aristophanes*.

† Truth and modesty.

‡ One of the Furies. We have presumed to violate the quantity of this word.

Cùm pateant altæ, caligantesque fenestræ?
Cùm tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pons?
Aut si de multis nullus placet exitus; illud
Nonne putas melius, quòd tecum pusio dormit?
Pusio qui noctu non litigat: exigit à te
Nulla jacens illic munuscula, nec queritur quòd
Et lateri parcas, nec, quantum jussit, anheles.
Sed placet Ursidio lex Julia: * tollere dulcem
Cogitat hæredem, cariturus turture magno,
Mullorumque jubis,† et captatore macello.
Quid fieri non posse putes, si jungitur ulla
Ursidio? si mœchorum notissimus ‡ olim
Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro,
Quem toties texit periturum cista Latini?

* De adulteriis; quâ lata est pœna adulterii, ideoque ad matrimonium viri ab ea lege impelluntur.

† I.e. Mullatis jubis. Sic Phædrus: aviditas canis pro avido cane, et etiam apud Græcus Βίη Πρίαμοιο pro Βίαιος Πρίαμος.

‡ Al. Turpissimus, perperam: nam si ita legas diminuitur hujus loci vis; quo quis enim majorem adulterarum habuit notitiam, eo magis maritali capistro porrecturus, ora exemplum præbet ridiculum.

What, wilt thou wear the marriage chain,
While one whole halter doth remain;
When open windows death present ye,
And *Thames* hath water in great plenty?
But verdicts of ten thousand pound
Most sweetly to *Ursidius* sound.
'We'll all (he cries) be cuckolds *nem. con.*
'While the rich action lies of *crim. con.*'
And who would lose the precious joy
Of a fine thumping darling boy?
Who, while you dance him, calls you daddy
(So he's instructed by my lady).
What tho' no ven'son, fowl, or fish,
Presented, henceforth grace the dish:
Such he hath had, but dates no merit hence;
He knows they came for his inheritance.*
What would you say, if this *Ursidius*,
A man well known among the widows,
First of all rakes, his mind should alter,
And stretch his simple neck to th' halter? †
Often within *Latinus*' closet,‡
(The neighbours, nay, the whole town knows it,)

* This custom of making presents to rich men who had no children, in order to become their heirs, is little known to us. *Mr. Ben Johnson*, indeed, hath founded a play on it, but he lays the scene in *Venice*.

† We have endeavoured to preserve the beauty of this line in the original. The metaphor is taken from the posture of a horse holding forth his neck to the harness.

‡ We have here a little departed from the *Latin*. This *Latinus* was a player, and used to act the part of the gallant; in which, to avoid the discovery of the husband, he used to be hid in a chest, or clothes-basket, as *Falstaff* is concealed in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The poet therefore here alludes to that custom.

Quid, quòd et antiquis uxor de moribus illi
Quæritur? O medici mediam pertundite venam:
Delicias hominis!* Tarpeium limen adora
Pronus, et auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,
Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
Paucæ adeò Cereris vittas† contingere dignæ;
Quarum non timeat pater oscula, necte coronam
Postibus, et densos per limina tende corymbos.
Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit? ocyùs illud
Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.
Magna tamen fama est cujusdam rure paterno
Viventis: vivat Gabiis, ut vixit in agro;
Vivat Fidenis, et agello cedo paterno.
Quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus, aut in
Speluncis? adeò senuerunt Jupiter et Mars?

* Delicatum hominem. Sic monstrum hominis, pro monstrosus homo.

† Mysteria eleusynia hic respicit. Quæ quidem a Warburtono illo doctissimo in libro suo de Mosaicâ legatione accuratissimè nunc demum explicantur.

He hath escap'd the cuckold's search;
Yet now he seeks a wife most starch;
With good old-fashion'd morals fraught.
Physicians give him a large draught,
And surgeons ope his middle vein.
O delicate taste! go, prithee strain
Thy lungs to Heav'n, in thansgivings;
Build churches, and endow with livings.
If a chaste wife thy lot befall,
'Tis the great prize drawn in *Guildhall.*
Few worthy are to touch those mysteries,*
Of which we lately know the histories,
To *Ceres* sacred, who requires
Strict purity from loose desires.
Whereas at no crime now they boggle,
Ev'n at their grandfathers they ogle.
But come, your equipage make ready,
And dress your house out for my lady.
Will one man *Iberine* supply?
Sooner content her with one eye.
But hold; there runs a common story
Of a chaste country virgin's glory.

* Which the reader may see explained in a most masterly style, and with the profoundest knowledge of antiquity, by *Mr. Warburton*, in the first volume of his *Divine Legation of* Moses *vindicated.*

Porticibusne tibi monstratur fœmina voto
Digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
Quod securus ames, quódque inde excerpere possis?
Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
Tuccia vesicæ non imperat; Appula gannit
(Sicut in amplexu) subitum, et miserabile longum:*
Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit.
Ast aliæ, quoties aulæa recondita cessant,
Et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,
Atque à plebeiis longè Megalesia; tristes
Personam, thyrsumque tenent, et subligar Accî.

* Hæc et sequentia ut minus a castis intelligenda, sic ab interpretibus minime intellecta videntur. Omnes quos unquam vidi, Codd. ita se habent.

——————— *Appula gannit*
Sicut in amplexu; subitum, et miserabile longum:
Attendit Thymele.

Quid sibi vult hæc lectio, me omnino latere fateor; sin vero nobiscum legas, tribus illis verbis parenthesi inclusis, invenies planam quidem (licet castiore musa indignam) sententiam.

At *Bath* and *Tunbridge* let her be;
If there she's chaste, I will agree.
And will the country yield no slanders?
Is all our army gone to *Flanders?**
Can the full *Mall*† afford a Spouse,
Or boxes, worthy of your vows?
While some soft dance *Bathyllus* dances,
Can *Tuccy* regulate her glances?
Appula chuckles, and poor *Thomyly*
Gapes, like a matron at a homily.
But others, when the house is shut up,
Nor play-bills *by Desire*,‡ are put up;
When players cease,§ and lawyer rises
To harangue jury at assizes;
When drolls at *Barthol'mew* begin,
A feast day after that of *Trin'*.

* As the patron of these gentlemen is mentioned in the original, we thought his votaries might be pleased with being inserted in the imitation.

† The *portico's* in the original; where both sexes used to assemble.

‡ A constant puff at the head of our play-bills; designed to allure persons to the house, who go thither more for the sake of the company than of the play; but which has proved so often fallacious (plays having been acted *at the particular desire of several ladies of quality, when there hath not been a single lady of quality in the house*) that at present it hath very little signification.

§ Viz. in the vacation. In the original, *As the* Megalesian *festival is so long distant from the* plebeian. The latter being celebrated in the calends of *December*, the former in the nones of *April*.

Urbicus exodio risum movet Attellanæ
Gestibus Autonoës; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.
Solvitur his magno comœdi fibula; sunt quæ
Chrysogonum cantare vetent; Hispulla tragœdo
Gaudet; an expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur?
Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharœdus Echion
Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiusve choraules.
Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos:
Ornentur postes, et grandi janua lauro,
Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.
Nupta senatori comitata est Hippia ludium.*

* Salmas. ludum mavult, et hoc pro ludio, ut regna pro regibus, positum censet: sed synæresis hæc frequenter occurrit apud poetas. Sic τὸ omnia apud Virgilium dissyllabum est.

Others, I say, themselves turn players,
With *Clive* and *Woffington's* gay airs;
Paint their fair faces out like witches,
And cram their thighs in *Fle—w—d's* breeches.
Italian measures while *Fausan*
Mov'd, what a laugh thro' gall'ry ran?
Poor *Ælia* languishes in vain;
Fausan is bought with greater gain.
Others make *B—rd* their wiser choice,
And wish to spoil his charming voice.
Hispulla sighs for Buskin's wit,
Cou'd she love *Lyt——n* or *P——t*?
Choose you a wife, whom the blind harper,
Or any fiddler else, or sharper,
Fine rivals! might with ease enjoy,
And make thee father of a boy?
Come then, prepare the nuptial feast,
Adorn the board, invite the guest;
That madam may, in time, be big,
And bring an heir resembling *Fig.**
Hippia,† to Parl'ment man was wed,
But left him for a fencer's bed:

* A celebrated prize fighter.

† She was wife to *Fabricius Vejento,* a noble rich *Roman,* who was infamous for his luxury and pride. This last quality was so eminent in him, that he scorned to salute any almost of his fellow citizens; for which he is lashed by our poet, Sat. III. v. 185. He is likewise introduced in the fourth satire. His wife *Hippia* ran away to *Egypt* with the Gladiator *Sergius.*

Ad Pharon et Nilum, famosaque mœnia Lagi;
Prodigia, et mores urbis damnante Canopo.*
Immemor illa domûs, et conjugis, atque sororis,
Nil patriæ indulsit; plorantesque improba gnatos,
Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.
Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumaque paternâ,
Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
Contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
Cujus apud molles minima est jactura cathedras.
Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus, latéque sonantem
Pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis
Mutandum toties esset mare. Justa pericli
Si ratio est, et honesta, timent; pavidoque gelantur
Pectore, nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
Fortem animum præstant rebus, quas turpitèr audent.
Si jubeat conjux, durum est conscendere navim;

* Urbs erat Ægyptîaca ad ostium Nili, sed hic pro tota Ægypto usurpatur. Hujus populi mores tam apud Græcos quam Romanos maxime infames fuere, adeo ut *ἀιγυπτιαστὶ* perinde valeat ac turpiter. His duobus versibus nihil acerbius esse potest.

With him she went to some plantation,
Which damn'd the morals of our nation;
Forgetful of her house and sister,
And spouse and country too, which miss'd her:
Her brawling brats ne'er touch'd her mind;
Nay more, young *C—r's** left behind.
Nor was this nymph bred up to pattins,
But swaddled soft in silks and satins;
Yet she despis'd the sea's loud roar;
Her fame she had despis'd before:
For that's a jewel, in reality,
Of little value 'mongst the quality.†
Nor *Bay of Biscay* rais'd her fears,
Nor all the *Spanish* privateers.
But should a just occasion call
To danger, how the charmers squall!
Cold are their breasts as addled eggs,
Nor can they stand upon their legs,
More than an infant that is ricketty;
But they are stronger in iniquity.
Should spouse decoy them to a ship,
Good heavens! how they'd have the hip!

* In the original *Paris*, a player of whom *Domitian* was so fond, that our author was banished for his abusing him. He afterwards was put to death for an amour with the empress.

† We have inserted this rather to stick as close to the original as possible, than from any conceit that it is justly applicable to our own people of fashion.

Tunc sentina gravis; tunc summus vertitur āer.
Quæ mœchum sequitur, stomacho valet: illa maritum
Convomit: hæc inter nautas et prandet, et errat
Per puppim, et duros gaudet tractare rudentes.
Quâ tamen exarsit formâ? quâ capta juventâ
Hippia? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
Sustinuit? nam Sergiolus* jam radere guttur
Cœperat, et secto requiem sperare lacerto.†
Prætereà multa in facie deformia; sicut
Attritus galeâ, medijsque in naribus ingens
Gibbus; et acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.
Sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:
Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa sorori,
Atque viro: ferrum est, quod amant: hic Sergius idem
Acceptâ rude, cœpisset Veiento videri.

* Diminutivo blandulo quàm facetè utitur poeta!

† Missionem impetrabant gladiatores, Brachio, vel aliquo alio membro mutilato. Vide ut Sergii laudes enumeret noster; eum nempe formæ decorem, propter quem Hippia, famæ fuæ oblita, ludia dici sustinuit. Senex erat, mutilatus, et forma turpissima. Hæc omnia munere suo gladiatorio compensavit.

‘ ’Tis hard to clamber up the sides;
‘ O filthy hold! and when she rides,
‘ It turns one’s head quite topsy-turvy,
‘ And makes one sicker than the scurvy.’
Her husband is the nauseous physic,
With her gallant she’s never sea-sick.
To dine with sailors then she’s able,
And even bears a hand to cable.
But say, what youth or beauty warm’d thee,
What, *Hippia*, in thy lover charm’d thee?
For little *Sergy*, like a goat,
Was bearded down from eyes to throat:
Already had he done his best;
Fit for an hospital, and rest.*
His face wore many a deformity,
Upon his nose a great enormity.
His eyes distill’d a constant stream;
In matter not unlike to cream.
But he was still of the bear-garden,
Hence her affection fond he shar’d in:
This did, beyond her children, move;
Dearer than spouse or country prove;
In short, ’tis iron which they love.
Dismiss this *Sergius* from the stage;
Her husband could not less engage.

* The gladiators, when they were maimed, received their dismission; as a token of which a wand was presented to them. *Sergius* had not, however, yet obtained this favour; our poet hints only, that he was entitled to it.

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia, curas?
Respice rivales Divorum: Claudius audi
Quæ tulerit: dormire virum cùm senserat uxor,
(Ausa Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,
Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos,)
Linquebat, comite ancillâ non ampliùs unâ;
Et nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,
Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,
Et cellam vacuam, atque suam: tunc nuda papillis
Constitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciscæ,
Ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, ventrem.
Excepit blanda intrantes, atque æra poposcit.

But say you, if each private family
Doth not produce a perfect *Pamela;*
Must ev'ry female bear the blame
Of one low, private, strumpet's shame?
See then a dignified example,
And take from higher life a sample;
How horns have sprouted on heads royal,
And *Harry's* wife* hath been disloyal.
When she perceiv'd her husband snoring,
Th' imperial strumpet went a whoring:
Daring with private rakes to solace,
She preferr'd *Ch-rl-s Street* to the Palace:
Went with a single maid of honour,
And with a *capuchin* upon her,
Which hid her black and lovely hairs;
At *H———d's*† softly stole up stairs:
There at receipt of custom sitting,
She boldly call'd herself the *Kitten;*‡
Smil'd, and pretended to be needy,
And ask'd men to *come down the ready.*§

* This may be, perhaps, a little applicable to one of *Henry* VIII.'s wives.

† A useful woman in the parish of *Covent Garden.*

‡ A young lady of pleasure.

§ This is a phrase by which loose women demand money of their gallants.

Mox, lenone suas jam dimittente puellas,
Tristis abit; sed, quod potuit, tamen ultima cellam
Clausit, adhuc ardens rigidæ tentigine vulvæ;
Et lassata viris, nondum satiata recessit:
Obscurisque genis turpis, fumoque lucernæ
Fœda, lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.
Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, coctumque venenum,
Privignoque datum? faciunt graviora coactæ
Imperio sexûs, minimúmque libidine peccant.
Optima sed quare Cesennia teste marito?
Bis quingenta dedit; tanti vocat ille pudicam:
Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent; veniunt à dote sagittæ.
Libertas emitur: coram licèt innuat, atque
Rescribat; vidua est, locuples quæ nupsit avaro.
Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?
Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.

But when for fear* of justice' warrants,
The bawd dismiss'd her whores on errands,
She stayed the last —— then went, they say,
Unsatisfied, tho' tir'd, away.
Why should I mention all their magic
Poison, and other stories tragic?
Their appetites are all such rash ones,
Lust is the least of all their passions.
Cesennia's husband call, you cry,
He lauds her virtues to the sky.
She brought him twice ten thousand pounds,
With all *that* merit she abounds.
Venus ne'er shot at him an arrow,
Her fortune darted through his marrow:
She bought her freedom, and before him
May wink, forgetful of decorum,
And lovers billet-doux may answer:
For he who marries wives for gain, sir,
A widow's privilege must grant 'em,
And suffer captains to gallant 'em.
But *Bibula* doth *Sertorius* move:
I'm sure he married her for love.
Love I agree was in the case;
Not of the woman, but her face.

* In *Rome,* the keepers of evil houses used to dismiss their girls at midnight; at which time those who follow the same trade in this city first light up their candles.

Fiant obscuri dentes, oculique minores;
Collige sarcinulas, dicet libertus,* et exi;
Jam gravis es nobis, et sæpè emungeris; exi
Ocyùs, et propera; sicco venit altera naso.
Intereà calet, et regnat, poscitque maritum
Pastores, et ovem Canusinam, ulmosque Falernas.
Quantulum in hoc? pueros omnes, ergastula tota,

* Sensus hujus loci non subolet interpretibus. Divitem maritum e libertino genere hic ostendi volunt: cum poeta plane servûm manumissum, vel primi ordinis servum intendit: quem nos anglicè, *the gentleman, the steward,* &c., nominamus.

Let but one wrinkle spoil her forehead;
Or should she chance to have a sore head;
Her skin grow flabby, or teeth blacken,
She quickly would be sent a packing.
" Be gone! "—(the gentleman* would cry)
" Are those d—n'd nostrils never dry?
" Defend me, Heav'n, from a strumpet,
" Who's always playing on a trumpet."
But while her beauteous youth remains,
With power most absolute she reigns.
Now rarities she wants; no matter
What price they cost — they please the better.
Italian vines, and *Spanish* sheep.†
But these are trifles — you must keep
An equipage of six stout fellows; ‡
Of no use to 'em, as they tell us,

* That is, her husband's gentleman. The commentators have wretchedly blundered here, in their interpretation of the *Latin*.

† In the original, *Falernian* vines and *Canusian* sheep: for *Falernia* produced the most delicious wine, and the sheep which came from *Canusium*, a town or village of *Apulia*, the finest wool. I know not whether either of the instances by which I have attempted to modernize this passage be at present in fashion, but if they are not, it is probable the only reason is, that we forget *Italian* vines, as they would require the assistance of artificial heat; and *Spanish* sheep, as they are to be fetched a great way by sea, would be extremely expensive, and consequently well worth our having.

‡ The *Latin* hath it—*All the fellows in the workhouse:* but this is an instance that our luxury is not yet so extravagant as that of the *Romans* was in *Juvenal's* days.

Quódq; domi non est, et habet vicinus, ematur.
Mense quidem brumæ, cùm jam mercator Iason
Clausus, et armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
Grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus
Myrrhina, deinde adamas notissimus, et Berenices
In digito factus pretiosior: hunc dedit olim
Barbarus incestæ; dedit hunc Agrippa sorori; *
Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,
Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.
Nullane de tantis gregibus† tibi digna videtur?
Sit formosa, decens, dives, fœcunda, vetustos
Porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni
Crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabiná:
(Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.)
Quis feret uxorem, cui constant omnia? malo,
Malo Venusinam, quàm te, Cornelia,‡ mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.

* Repetitionem hujus vocis *dedit* sunt qui conantur abjicere, licèt elegantissimam; ideoque interpretum gustui minus gratam.

† Ambiguitatem qua greges refert tam ad mulieres quam ad porcos miratur lubinus, et queritur quod ab aliis non animadvertatur. Sed nescio annon inurbanus potius quam argutus hic dicendus sit poeta.

‡ Scipionis Africani filia, Cornelio Graccho nupta, et Caii et Tiberii mater, hic maximæ laudis, non vituperationis causa, memorata.

Unless to walk before their chairs,
When they go out to show their airs.
However liberal your grants,
Still what her neighbour hath she wants;
Even *Pit's* precious diamond — that
Which *Lewis Fifteen* wears in's hat;
Or what *Agrippa* gave his sister.*
Incestuous bride! for which he kiss'd her.
(Sure with less sin a *Jew* might dine,
If hungry, on a herd of swine.)
But of this herd, I mean of women,
Will not an individual do, man?
No, none my soul can e'er inflame,
But the rich, decent, lovely dame:
Her womb with fruitfulness attended;
Of a good ancient house descended:
A virgin too, untouch'd, and chaste,
Whom man ne'er took about the waist.
She's a rare bird! find her who can,
And much resembling a black swan.
But who could bear a wife's great merit,
Who doth such qualities inherit?
I would prefer some country girl
To the proud daughter of an earl;
If my repose must still be hindered
With the great actions of her kindred.

* Berenice.

Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem
In castris, et cum totâ Carthagine migra.

Parce, precor, Pæan; et tu, Dea, pone sagittas;
Nil pueri faciunt; ipsam configite matrem;
Amphion clamat: sed Pæan contrahit arcum.
Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumque parentem,
Dum sibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,
Atque eadem scrofâ Niobe fœcundior albâ.
Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet? hujus enim rari, summique voluptas
Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta superbo
Plus aloës, quâm mellis, habet. Quis deditus autem

Go to the devil, should I say,
With the *West Indies* ta'en—away.*
'Hold, *Pæan*, hold; thou goddess, spare
'My children,' was *Amphion's* pray'r.
'They have done nought to forfeit life;
'O shoot your arrows at my wife."
His pray'r nor god nor goddess heard,
Nor child, nor ev'n the mother spar'd.
For why, the vixen proudly boasted,†
More than *Latona* she was toasted;
And had been oft'ner in the straw,
Than the white sow‡ *Æneas* saw.
But say, though Nature should be lavish,
Can any mien or beauty ravish,
Whose mind is nothing but inanity,
Mere bladder blown with wind of vanity?
Trust, if for such you give your money,
You buy more vinegar than honey.

* Juvenal here mentions *Cornelia,* the daughter of *Scipio Africanus,* wife of *Cornelius Gracchus,* and mother of the *Gracchi, Caius* and *Tiberius.* The beauty of the original here is inimitable.

† Our poet here alludes to the story of *Niobe,* wife of *Amphion,* king of *Thebes,* who affronted *Latona,* in preferring her own fruitfulness to that of the goddess; for which reason *Apollo* and *Diana* destroyed all her children; the number of which authors report variously.

‡ Which produced thirty pigs at a litter.

Usque adeò est, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
Horreat? inque diem septenis oderit horis?
Quædam parva quidem; sed non toleranda maritis.
Nam quid rancidius, quàm quòd se non putat ulla
Formosam, nisi quæ de Thuscâ Græcula facta est?
De Sulmonensi mera Cecropis omnia Græce;
Cùm sit turpe minùs nostris nescire Latiné.
Hoc sermone pavent; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Græcé, dones tamen ista puellis:
Túne etiam, quam sextus et octogesimus annus
Pulsat, adhuc Græcé? non est hic sermo pudicus
In vetulâ, quoties lascivum intervenit illud,
ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, modò sub lodice relectis
Uteris in turbâ, quod enim non excitat inguen
Vox blanda et nequam? digitos habet: ut tamen omnes
Subsidant pennæ: dicas hæc molliùs Æmo
Quanquam, et Carpophoro; facies tua computat annos.

Who is there such a slave in Nature,
That while he praises would not hate her?
Some smaller crimes, which seem scarce nominable,
Are yet to husbands most abominable:
For what so fulsome—if it were new t' ye,
That no one thinks herself a beauty,
'Till *Frenchified** from head to foot,
A mere *Parisian* dame throughout.
She spells not *English*, who will blame her?
But *French* not understood would shame her.
This language 'tis in which they tremble,
Quarrel, are happy, and dissemble;
Tell secrets to some other Miss;
What more?—'tis this in which they kiss.
But if to girls we grant this leave;
You, Madam, whom fast by your sleeve
Old age hath got—must you still stammer
Soft phrases out of *Bowyer's* grammar?
Mon ame, *mon Mignon!* how it comes
Most graceful from your toothless gums!
Tho' softer spoke than by *Lord Fanny*,
Can that old face be lik'd by any?

* The *Romans* were (if I may be allowed such a word) *Greecified*, at this time, in the same manner as we are *Frenchified*.

Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis
Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
Causa; nec est quare cœnam et mustacea perdas,
Labente officio, crudis donanda, nec illud,
Quod primâ pro nocte* datur; cùm lance beatâ
Dacicus, et scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
Est animus; submitte caput cervice paratâ
Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.
Ardeat ipsa licèt, tormentis gaudet amantis,
Et spoliis, igitur longè minùs utilis illi
Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.
Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge: vendes
Hâc obstante nihil: nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.
Hæc dabit affectus: ille excludetur amicus
Jam senior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.
Testandi cùm sit lenonibus, atque lanistis
Libertas, et juris idem contingat arenæ,
Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.
Pone crucem servo: meruit quo crimine servus
Supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi:

* Mos erat præmium aliquod novæ nuptæ donandi, quasi virginitatis depositæ pretium: Hæc est autem hujus loci vis. *Si non amaturus es nuptam quam ducis, ne nox prima quidem grata erit; quam solam in matrimonio jucundam esse expectare debes.*

If love be not your cause of wedding,
There is no other for your bedding:
All the expense of wedding-day
Would then, my friend, be thrown away.
If, on the contrary, you doat,
And are of the uxorious note,
For heavy yoke your neck prepare;
None will the tender husband spare:
E'en when they love they will discover
Joys in the torments of a lover:
The hope to govern them by kindness
Argues, my friend, a total blindness.
For wives most useless ever prove
To those most worthy of their love.
Before you give, or sell, or buy,
She must be courted to comply:
She points new friendships out—and straight
'Gainst old acquaintance shuts your gate.
The privilege which at their birth
Our laws bequeath the scum o' th' earth,
Of making wills, to you's denied;
You for her fav'rites must provide;
Those your sole heirs creating, who
Have labour'd to make heirs for you.
Now come, sir, take your horsewhip down,
And lash your footman there, *Tom Brown.*
What hath *Tom* done? or who accuses him?
Perhaps some rascal, who abuses him.

Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est,
O demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:
Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.
Imperat ergo viro: sed mox hæc regna relinquit,
Permutatque domos, et flammea conterit: inde
Avolat, et spreti repetit vestigia lecti;
Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit
Vela domûs, et adhuc virides in limine ramos.
Sic crescit numerus; sic fiunt octo mariti*
Quinque per autumnos: titulo res digna sepulchri.
Desperanda tibi salvâ concordia socru:
Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti:
Illa docet, missis à corruptore tabellis,
Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere: decipit illa
Custodes, aut ære domat: tunc corpore sano
Advocat Archigenem, onerosaque pallia jactat.
Abditus intereà latet accersitus adulter,
Impatiensque moræ silet, et præputia ducit.

* Quot nempe a lege permissi sunt. Nam prohibitum erat mulieribus, pluribus quam octo maritis nubere, cum hunc numerum ergo minime liceret transire, necessitate coacta uxor ab octavo marito redit iterum ad primum.

Let us examine first—and then—
'Tis ne'er too late to punish men.
Men! Do you call this abject creature
A man? He's scarce of human nature.*
What hath he done?—no matter what—
If nothing—lash him well for that:
My will is a sufficient reason
To constitute a servant's treason.
Thus she commands: but straight she leaves
This slave, and to another cleaves;
Thence to a third and fourth, and then
Returns, perhaps, to you again.
Thus in the space of seven short years
Possessing half a score of dears.
Be sure, no quiet can arrive
To you while her mamma's alive:
She'll teach her how to cheat her spouse,
To pick his pocket, strip his house:
Answers to love-letters indite,
And make her daughter's style polite.
With cunning she'll deceive your spies,
Or bribe with money to tell lies.
Then, tho' health swells her daughter's pulse,
She sends for *Wasey*, *Hoadley*, *Hulse*.
So she pretends,—but in their room,
Lo, the adulterer is come.

* The *Romans* derived from the *Greeks* an opinion, that their slaves were of a species inferior to themselves. As such a sentiment is inconsistent with the temper of Christianity, this passage loses much of its force by being modernized.

Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos,
Aut alios mores, quàm quos habet? utile porrò
Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere turpem.

Nulla ferè causa est, in quâ non fœmina litem
Moverit. Accusat Manilia, si rea non est.*
Componunt ipsæ per se, formantque libellos,
Principium atque locos Celso dictare paratæ.

Endromidas Tyrias, et fœmineum ceroma
Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali?
Quem cavat assiduis sudibus, scutoque lacessit,
Atque omnes implet numeros; dignissima prorsùs
Florali matrona tubâ; † nisi si quid in illo
Pectore plus agitet, veræque paratur arenæ.
Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem?
Quæ fugit à sexu, vires amat; ‡ hæc tamen ipsa
Vir nollet fieri; nam quantula nostra voluptas?
Quale decus rerum, si conjugis auctio fiat,

* Accusator et reus eandem habent quam in lege nostra querens et defendens, significationem.

† Tuba ad impudicos ludos vocante. Hos a Flora meretrice quadam in honorem Floræ Deæ institutos docet Ovid fast: acerbius quidem hoc in matronas a poeta dictum.

‡ Ita prorsus legendum existimo, finita interrogatione ad vocem pudorem? sensus tum erit. *Quamquam amat* vires *mulier quæ fugit a sexu, tamen omnino* vir *fieri nolit, quia, &c.*—Multo elegantior ita fiet sententia. Alii legunt *Quæ fugità sexu et vires amat.*—Sed minus rectè.

Do you expect, you simple elf,
That she who hath them not herself,
Should teach good manners to your lady,
And not debauch her for the ready?
  In courts of justice what transactions?
Manilia's never without actions:
No forms of *litigation* 'scape her,
In special pleading next to *Dr-per.*
  Have you not heard of fighting females,
Whom you would rather think to be males?
Of *Madam Sutton*, *Mrs. Stokes*,
Who give confounded cuts and strokes?
They fight the weapons through complete,
Worthy to ride along the street.*
  Can female modesty so rage,
To draw a sword, and mount the stage?
Will they their sex entirely quit?
No, they have not so little wit:
Better they know how small our shares
Of pleasure—how much less than theirs.
  But should your wife by auction sell,
(You know the modern fashion well)

* Prize-fighters, on the day of battle, ride through the streets with a trumpet before them.

Balteüs, et manicæ, et cristæ, crurisque sinistri
Dimidium tegmen! vel si diversa movebit
Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puellâ.
Hæ sunt, quæ tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
Delicias et panniculus bombycinus urit.
Aspice, quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus,
Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere; quanta
Poplitibus sedeat; quàm denso fascia libro:
Et ride, scaphium positis cùm sumitur armis.
Dicite vos neptes Lepidi, cæcive Metelli,
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia sumpserit unquam
Hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asylli?

Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet: minimùm dormitur in illo.
Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride pejor,
Cùm simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat
Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis

Should *Cock* aloft his pulpit mount,
And all her furniture recount,
Sure you would scarce abstain from oaths,
To hear, among your lady's clothes,
Of those superb *fine horseman's suits*,
And those magnificent *jack-boots*.
And yet, as often as they please,
Nothing is tenderer than these.
A coach!—O gad! they cannot bear
Such jolting!—*John*, go fetch a chair.
Yet see, through *Hyde Park* how they ride!
How masculine! almost astride!
Their hats fierce cock'd up with cockades,
Resembling dragoons more than maids.
Knew our great-grandmothers these follies?
Daughters of *Hampden*, *Baynton*, *Hollis?* *
More modesty they surely had,
Decently ambling on a pad.
Sleep never shows his drowsy head
Within the reach of marriage-bed:
The wife thence frightens him with scolding.
—Then chiefly the attack she's bold in,
When, to conceal her own amours,
She falls most artfully on yours:
Pretends a jealousy of some lady,
With tears in plenty always ready;

* These, according to *Sidney*, are some of the best families in *England*, and superior to many of our modern nobility.

In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo : tu credis amorem ;
Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque labellis
Exorbes ; quæ scripta, et quas lecture tabellas,
Si tibi zelotypæ retegantur scrinia mœchæ !
Sed jacet in servi complexibus, aut equitis : dic,
Dic aliquem, sodes hîc, Quintiliane, colorem.
Hæremus : dic ipsa : olim convenerat, inquit,
Ut faceres tu quod velles ; necnon ego possem
Indulgere mihi : clames licèt, et mare cœlo
Confundas,* homo sum. Nihil est audacius illis
Deprènsis : iram atque animos à crimine sumunt.
Unde hæc monstra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris ?
Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebat

* Exclamando scilicet, ut apud terentium, O Cœlum ! O Terra ! O Maria

Which on their post true sent'nels stand,
The word still waiting of command,
How she shall order them to trickle.
—Thou thinkest love her soul doth tickle.
Poor hedge-sparrow—with fifty dears,
Lickest up her fallacious tears.
Search her scrutoire, man, and then tell us
Who hath most reason to be jealous.
But, in the very fact she's taken;
Now let us hear, to save her bacon,
What *Murray*, or what *Henley* can say;
Neither proof positive will gainsay:
It is against the rules of practice;
Nothing to her the naked fact is.
'You know' (she cries) 'ere I consented
'To be, what I have since repented,
'It was agreed between us, you
'Whatever best you lik'd should do;
'Nor could I, after a long trial,
'Persist myself in self-denial.'
You at her impudence may wonder,
Invoke the lightning and the thunder:
'You are a man' (she cries) 'tis true;
'We have our human frailties too.'
Nought bold is like a woman caught,
They gather courage from the fault.
Whence come these prodigies? what fountain,
You ask, produces them? I'th' mountain
The *British* dames were chaste, no crimes
The cottage stain'd in elder times;

Tecta labor, somnique breves, et vellere Thusco
Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
Hannibal, et stantes Collinâ in turre mariti.
Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.*
Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perît: hinc fluxit ad istos
Et Sybaris colles, hinc et Rhodos, atque Miletos,
Atque coronatum, et petulans, madidumque Tarentum.
Prima peregrinos obscœna pecunia mores
Intulit, et turpi fregerunt secula luxu
Divitiæ molles.———

* Eximiæ sunt hi versus notæ, et vix satis laudandi.

When the laborious wife slept little,
Spun wool, and boil'd her husband's kettle;
When the *Armada* frighten'd *Kent*,
And good *Queen Bessy* pitch'd her tent.
Now from security we feel
More ills than threaten'd us from steel;
Severer luxury abounds,
Avenging *France* of all her wounds.
When our old *British* plainness left us,
Of ev'ry virtue it bereft us:
And we've imported from all climes.
All sorts of wickedness and crimes:
French finery, *Italian* meats,
With *German* drunkenness, *Dutch* cheats,
Money's the source of all our woes;
Money! whence luxury o'erflows,
And in a torrent, like the *Nile*,
Bears off the virtues of this isle.

We shall here close our translation of this satire; for as the remainder is in many places too obscene for chaste ears; so, to the honour of the *English* ladies, the *Latin* is by no means applicable to them, nor indeed capable of being modernized.

TO MISS H——AND AT BATH.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN THE PUMP-ROOM, 1742.

Soon shall these bounteous springs thy wish bestow,
Soon in each feature sprightly health shall glow;
Thy eyes regain their fire, thy limbs their grace,
And roses join the lilies in thy face.
But say, sweet maid, what waters can remove
The pangs of cold despair, of hopeless love?
The deadly star which lights th' autumnal skies
Shines not so bright, so fatal as those eyes.
The pains which from their influence we endure,
Not *Brewster*, glory of his art, can cure.

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